

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## THE FRONT PAGE

AT the next session of the Ontario Legislature a redistribution bill will probably be brought in. It has been understood for some time that Toronto will be given increased representation, and if we are to continue to have representation by population, this and other changes are pressing.

The real test of Mr. Whitney will come when he attempts to redistribute the province. So far no Premier either of the Dominion or the province has been both strong enough and just enough to redistribute without gerrymandering. This is the hurdle where they all tumble. They cannot soar over this obstacle in the pathway. It fetches them. Here, too, Mr. Whitney will, in all probability, come to earth. It is so easy to do the carving in such a way as to give one's own party the best of it; it is so difficult to give one's opponents anything that will satisfy them; it is so easy to be unfair, and it is so hard to be fair—that the ruling party always ends up with about everything fixed to suit it. The other day I was talking to a Liberal about the outlook in his riding as regards Dominion affairs.

"Oh," he said, "it is a pretty safe Liberal seat. You know they took away three hundred Tory votes off one end of the riding and put them in the next, which is incurably Tory. They also, at the other end of the riding gave us a hundred Liberal votes that were not needed where they were."

Quite so. It is one of the sure ways of influencing public opinion and securing the permanence of an administration that does not want to pass away. The plan will be followed so long as voters hold petrified opinions in politics, and can be moved back and forth like chessmen or driven like cattle from one enclosure to another to suit the needs of their owners.

Surely observant angels must look down and weep when they see future saints with whom they will associate endlessly, being moved about the board in the petty and often unclean game of politics—being estimated, weighed, parcelled like so much election ballast, or—uled from one point and piled in another like so much cordwood. Men alert with immortal life, heirs to all that has resulted from the pains and sacrifices of the human race, holding in trust all that concerns the welfare of posterity—yet a committee of election workers can meet in a back room at Ottawa or Toronto and with a map, a pencil, a decanter and a tabulated report of the last elections, move 'em about, shunt 'em, herd 'em, deal with 'em by the cord, or by the drove, or by the crate, deliver them in bulk at any political shipping station on the line; change the boundaries of a constituency in the certain knowledge that when they move a township from one riding to another the voters go with the stumps, are as fixed and immovable and as deaf to reason.

PERHAPS the trouble is that too many people in this country are looking for favors from the government, and adhere to a party through thick and thin in order to deserve well of it. Yet when a village or a township has been shifted from one constituency to another in the manifest belief that its opinions are petrified, or that its people will give a majority as surely as a cow will give milk or a sheep yield wool, one might fairly hope that the people would feel some resentment, burn under a sense of insult, and repel the assumption that they are unthinking beings, fixed quantities, so much political ballast that can be shifted at will. One would expect this, but it seldom shows itself.

Too many people are after jobs, or if they ask nothing for themselves, they dearly love to have it appear that they are capable of influencing the authorities in behalf of others. All over the country good government is bedevilled by patronage. Poor starvelings in jobs are the envy of men who earn more, spend less, live better and enjoy a much greater personal independence. If an office-holder coughs on any street in the province, ten men hopefully pick up their ears and hustle their various ways to get the reversion of his post. Yet for one man who surrenders his independence in the hope of getting his name on the public pay-roll, there must be a hundred who do the same thing with no such object—some because they really believe their party best serves the country; some because they have got to follow a standard, and, like their ancestors, fight for one baron against another; some because life is dull for them and politics alone gives it color; many because they love to be "on the inside," to invest their acts with mystery, to seem to have an influence that can be exercised in behalf of others. In a small community it is interesting to classify men according to their possible reasons for suspending the functions of their minds and suppressing inclinations of character in order to follow a political party up hill and down dale, with or against reason.

AT this moment in railway stations all over Ontario, in Quebec, down by the sea, around the bend of Lake Superior, on the great western plains, through the Rocky

Mountains, and on the Pacific slope, people are waiting, waiting, for trains that do not come. Close your eyes and you can see them, with their suit cases, valises, band-boxes and babies; some are walking up and down; some are talking cheerfully; some are sitting dejectedly; some sprawl asleep, with mouths agape. Perhaps at this moment a hundred thousand men in the railway stations of Canada stand with their watches open calculating how long they will have to wait for approaching trains. Perhaps at this moment twenty thousand men are peering through ten thousand wickets enquiring of ten thousand men inside how late "she" is, to which ten thousand men reply: "About twenty minutes."

Twenty minutes isn't long. It is but one-third of an hour, and that is not a long time to wait for so great a modern convenience as a train. It is not long for one man to wait, or for twenty, or one hundred, or ten hundred thousand men to wait. It is not long when you reflect that Methuselah waited on earth nearly a thousand years and no train ever arrived. Men waiting in railway stations should seek comfort in this thought. At the worst they will reach their destination sooner than Caesar Augustus or Queen Elizabeth could have done it.

That twenty minutes, however, is not the end of it. No doubt trains have to be late, and no power of man could prevent it. Hitches will occur—delays are inevitable. Perhaps it would be fair to go further and say that the

fifteen, so they do not admit that it is thirty minutes late" is the notice usually posted on the board. After that those in wait all along the line must hover about, asking questions and getting no satisfaction.

The carrying companies, in these days of the telegraph, should not be permitted to take such flagrant liberties with the time of the travelling public. The Railway Commission should compel the railways to be much more frank and explicit in their dealings with the public in this respect.

SOME days ago The World came out with a sensational rumor to the effect that a prominent firm of brokers in Toronto had assigned with liabilities of about six million dollars. In its next issue The World published a letter from the firm in question, and another from its bankers, denying the rumor. The firm had not assigned, and it is stated that it has received assurances of all the bank support it does or may require, and as everybody knows, bank support is vital to large undertakings of any kind. Thus out of evil good sometimes springeth if a man be lucky. On the sanity of the press much depends. It is easy to make a sensation if no thought be taken of the damage done, and at the present time a few alarming rumors might induce a nervousness in the public mind that the situation a month hence would have no need to fear. On the street people are blaming the awful "Billy"

rushed in to pull down the place the Thomas woman fired a revolver and Gilbert was shot through the heart. The row ended. The body of the dead man was carried to the Lancaster home near-by.

Of a dead body the Law always takes notice. It is something real. The law got to work. The net result of its work is that the dead body had a coroner's verdict attached to it; the woman who fired the shot has been acquitted of murder; the three men in the crowd who wore no disguise, but acted openly, as if convinced of their right in driving a disgrace from their doorway, are serving terms in jail as rioters. Those who rioted quite as much but took the precaution to black their faces are free.

It is curious to reflect how different all would have been if "the painted lady" of the tent had not been armed with a loaded revolver, or if she had failed to use it with deadly effect. The rioters would have done what they did and more, but the Law would have known nothing about it. Phil Gilbert would now be alive; the three Lancasters would now be at home, two of them supporting wives and one a mother. The pulling down of the tent would have been commended by public opinion as it was in Owen Sound. Instead of "rioters" those who took part in the affair would have been styled in the press "indignant citizens." All this was changed by a pistol shot. It is somewhat curious to see the Law hand out so many prizes for good shooting to the one who fired that shot. A decent town was invaded by indecency. One man is dead, three are in jail. The woman who provoked it all is found "not guilty." And there is laughter in the tents of the wicked.

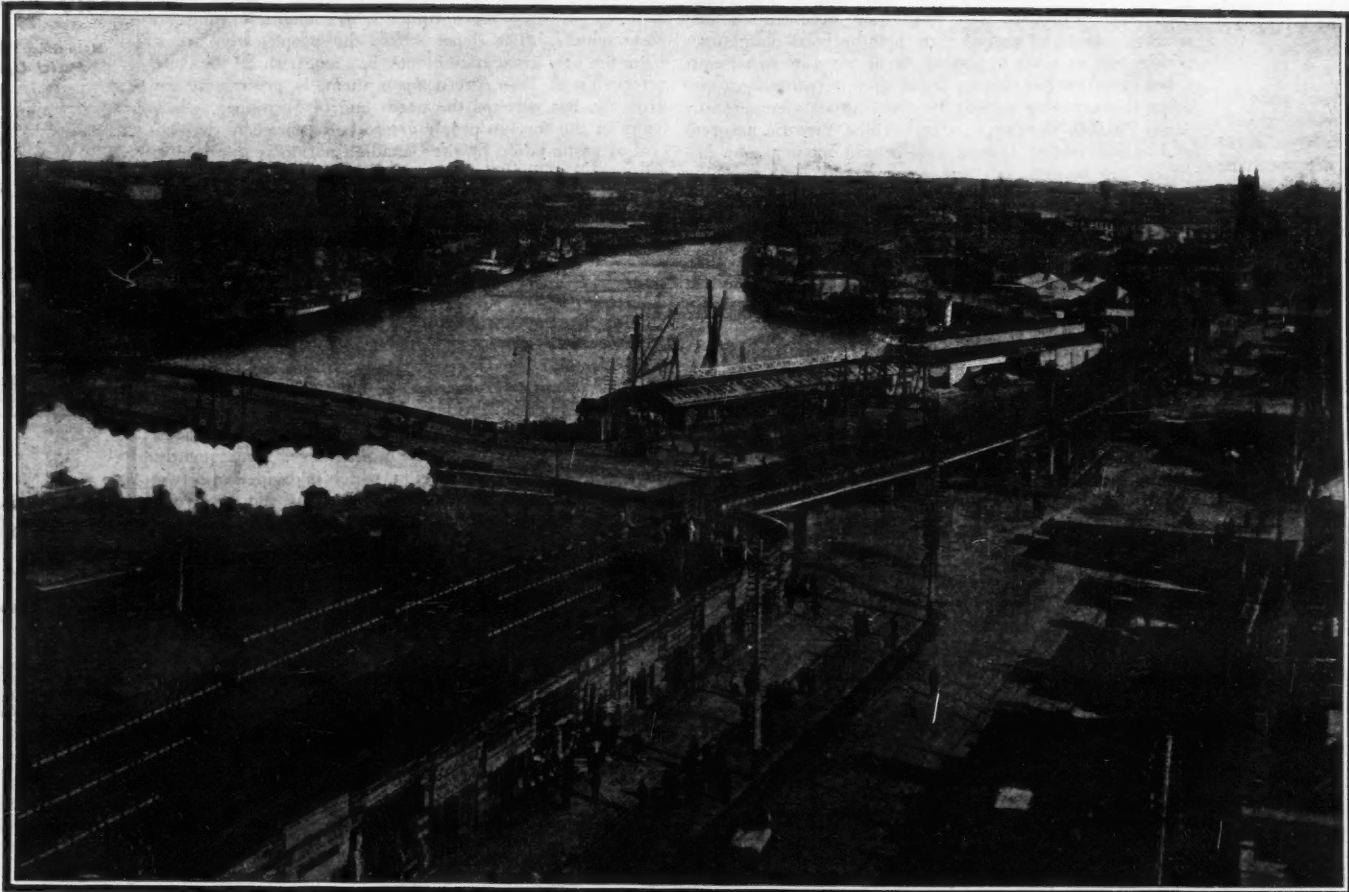
FOR several years past the banks have been buying up corner lots at the intersection of leading streets and at the most active centres of local trade and transit in Toronto. They have done a surprising amount of buying and building, and, as a rule, have put up handsome structures. But it begins to appear that our financial institutions have overdone it in more ways than one.

To do the banking for a local centre in any quarter of the city a bank does not really need to occupy the chief corner. It is there more from pride than necessity. As experience in this city begins to prove, the seizure of the corners by the banks tends to drive away that very business activity which attracted branch banks to the spot. Take the corner of Yonge and Bloor streets as an example. It was a fine uptown centre for business. Banks are now on three corners, and at night, instead of brilliantly illuminated shops, these buildings closed and dark present an uninviting appearance. It is not the centre it was. It will not be the retail centre it gave promise of being. Where Bathurst street crosses Bloor there was always considerable activity. On one corner a bank has arisen, blotting out the evening lights. On the corner across the way, where a drug store, telegraph office, ice cream and soda water parlor did a flourishing business, and where upstairs a hall was used almost nightly for public meetings or lodge gatherings, another bank will be built, hand-some no doubt, but cold and distant by day and wrapped in darkness when evening falls. Of the four corners at the intersection of these two important streets, only one will be illuminated and open after nightfall, a hotel bar. Two of the four corners have retired from trade, and doors close from 4 p.m. to 10 a.m.

In many parts of the city the same change has occurred and brilliantly illuminated shops that used to warm up their vicinity with life and movement, are crowded off the corners, to the injury of up-town retail trade in general. Would it not be better for the banks to sit back and give retail trade a chance? Why not let the prominent corners be used by those who will make use of them, draw trade to them, give them life and action?

Not only in Toronto but almost everywhere from the Atlantic to the Pacific the banks have been, for four or five years, shovelling money into their building funds. They have tied up millions in bricks and mortar, and in the present stringency business men are inclined to lament this action of the banks and to wonder why they have pursued such a course. The business concern that would attempt to wrap up so much capital in architecture and unproductive buildings as the average bank has done, would have had some trouble in getting bank accommodation. Are the considerations which are deemed imperative in connection with other businesses, inoperative where a bank is concerned, or have our financial institutions been driven by rivalry into a vulgar ostentation of spending and display?

SOMETIMES we greet a new invention with enthusiasm but learn in time to regard it with disfavor, if not hatred. We long for the old and homely tool or contrivance which the new-fangled contraption has displaced. The man who buys a new patent razor and finds that it possesses every merit except that it will not shave him, or who sells his dinghy and buys a gasoline launch which refuses to go home at night-fall, knows what it is to feel the sense of having been wronged. Of late the telephone service in Toronto has been unspeakably bad. People are called up at all hours of the day and night only to find



THE VIADUCT AT MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

THIS VIEW OF THE RAILWAY VIADUCT IN THE CHIEF CITY OF AUSTRALIA WILL GIVE THE READER AN IDEA AS TO HOW SUCH A PLAN WOULD WORK IN TORONTO. THIS VIADUCT DOES NOT LOOK UNSIGHTLY; IT LOOKS LIKE AN EMINENTLY SENSIBLE HANDLING OF A PROBLEM SIMILAR TO OUR OWN. IN MELBOURNE THE YARDS FOR FREIGHT SHUNTING ARE IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY, AS THEY SHOULD BE HERE, AND AS THEY WILL BE WHEN STREET CROSSINGS IN THE HEART OF TORONTO ARE NO LONGER AVAILABLE FOR THE PURPOSE, AND WHEN THE CITY WILL NO LONGER CONSENT TO LET THE RAILWAYS STUNT HER DEVELOPMENT AS A LAKE PORT BY BLOCKING UP ALL HER APPROACHES TO THE BAY EITHER BY EXPROPRIATING AND CLOSING THEM OR GRID-IRONING THEM WITH RAILS.

wonder is that trains run so closely on time when one considers the complications of a great railway system and the thousand and one causes that make for delay. Yet probably a great army of people at this moment are waiting at railway stations throughout Canada and submissively enduring an organized scheme of humbug, by which they are informed that trains are twenty minutes late, then forty, then sixty, then one hour and a half, then two hours.

This humbugging of waiting patrons of the railways amounts in all to a colossal injustice to the public. It seems to be based on the assumption that those who wait for a train have nothing to do but wait, and will do this more contentedly if allowed to believe that their train will be along in a few minutes. This may be true in many cases, but very often those who wait for hours could make good use of their time, or travel by another line, or change their plans, or wait in comfort rather than in discomfort. Aside from that, however, their time belongs to themselves, and not to the railway company, and they should decide what to do with it. The fiction is that the railway company does not know how soon a late train may arrive, and cannot take the responsibility of telling travellers that they are free to go away and return at a stated time. But if due allowance be made for such considerations, it remains true that the people are treated contemptuously by the railways in this matter and submit to it with a helpless patience that must surprise even a hardened passenger agent. Who has not waited for one hour, two, three, for a train that was lying in a ditch eighty miles away? What of those who sit all night long in zero weather in a country railway station, waiting for a train "one hour late," only to find when they get away next day that the line was idle for fifteen hours because of a wreck? If a man be told that a train is twenty minutes late, although at that precise moment it is one hundred miles away, he is being swindled in impudent fashion. When accidents occur our railway companies try to keep the fact secret, and at such times misinform the people all along the line, regardless of the injury they may do. They do not know how long the line will be blocked, whether five hours or

Maclean for the action of his paper, and there has been much speculation as to what could have been his cunning purpose in publishing a story so alarming. But in newspaper circles it is known that Mr. Maclean, M.P., had no personal knowledge whatever of the sensation his paper was springing on the town, but was quietly getting his turn into the roothouse on his farm in York county while these hot things were happening in the city. Next day was Sunday, and when his pious reflections were disturbed by angry calls over the telephone, it is stated that he went out into the paddock with a pan of oats in one hand, holding a halter behind his back with the other, caught a horse and galloped into the city to see what it was all about. Such are the facts, yet this does not necessarily mean that Mr. Maclean wouldn't have done it himself if he had been on the spot and if his spirit of mischief were in control of him.

SOME queer results are brought about in the operations of law and what is called justice. This observation might be occasioned by any one of several recent occurrences, but the special reason for it is the news that a number of influential men from Warton and Bruce county have been in Ottawa this week asking the Department of Justice to release the three Lancaster brothers now serving eight months' sentences in jail for rioting on the night the notorious Thomas woman shot a man named Gilbert.

No more peculiar case is on record in Canada. Two women with a tent located on a vacant lot or common adjoining the Lancaster home in Warton and made themselves the talk of the town. The same women had been driven out of Owen Sound and their tent thrown into the bay. In Warton complaint was made to a magistrate, who said he could do nothing unless furnished with evidence; complaint was also made to the mayor of the town, who made the same reply. Then a crowd of men in Warton went out one night to deal with the evil as a crowd in Owen Sound had successfully done. Most of the men were masked or had their faces blacked, but three of them, brothers, named Lancaster, living within sight and sound of the offending tent, bore no disguise. When the crowd

that the person on the other end of the wire has got the wrong number and wants to fight about it. Whatever the reason for it may be, the general verdict of citizens is that the telephone never rendered the user of it so unsatisfactory a service as it has done of late, especially in the residential districts. Errors in making connections are so frequent that one scarcely expects to be wanted when the 'phone sounds its alarm, nor does one confidently expect to be connected with the line he has asked for. The worst part of it is that when you have been given the wrong number you cannot get free of it—cannot get central again. Once, twice, thrice you click the handle of the instrument, and when a voice answers it is still the indignant voice of the "wrong number." Quite clearly the person at the other end of the wire regards you as a nuisance—did he not tell you that you had the wrong number? But what can you do? It is at this point that you feel a powerful longing for the old-style telephone with a bell on it that you could ring furiously. There was some satisfaction in making that bell whirr. You felt that you were getting even with somebody—you were not like a sheep dumb before its shearer. Observe the diabolical cunning of the gentle Mr. Dunstan, local manager of the Bell Telephone Company. He charges the householder five dollars per annum more for the improved telephone than for the old one, although the improvement appears to consist merely in the removal of the bell you used to ring, and which, now that it is gone, you sorely miss. Central can ring you, but you can't ring central. Instead of Mr. Dunstan paying you five dollars to get the bell out of your hands—the bell with which you used to take your revenge—you pay him five dollars per annum for removing your only weapon of offense in your exasperating relations with the company and those disturbers of the night who call you out of bed to ask you if you are a hospital, or a lively stable, or a restaurant. The telephone users of this city should demand the return of the little bell with which they foolishly parted. The clergy should take the matter up, for men used that bell instead of profanity. It answered the purpose even better than language does. Let us demand the return of the bell. Even if each instrument were fitted out with a handle that a man could twist like fury, ringing his own bell and drowning his words, although making no sound at central—even that would help some. It would drown language that were better drowned.

WITH this issue SATURDAY NIGHT enters upon its twenty-first year, and I take this opportunity of saying to the readers of this journal that the editorial staff very much appreciates the letters we are receiving from readers, new and old, far and near, expressing their confidence and pleasure in the paper. We are editing this journal expressly for people who "want something different," and we confidently expect that it will steadily grow more readable and more useful. It is becoming less local in its contents and more widely circulated throughout the Dominion. Now and then a letter reaches me from a reader who says that he reads "The Front Page" with interest and takes the paper on that account. The man who writes me to that effect is, to use a slang term, "trying to tickle my feet." If he will refer to the other pages of the paper he will find much that will interest him. If the first page suits him, most of the twenty will contain interest for him. The reader will have observed that we have a fondness for anecdotes—as who has not? In publishing anecdotes of Canadian public men, past and present, we are securing contributions from leading journalists in various parts of Canada, and it is probable that the reader will find much in this line to interest him.

In the publications of the day, in the news of the day, there is a deluge of horrors. Large headlines scream at you intelligence of disaster and crime. You cannot escape it. If the tragedies are not local, or the crimes are not at our doors the telegraph or the cable under the ocean sends us horrors from other lands, told with only too much detail. No new day brings relief. Perhaps the news of the day must be what it is, but the home needs a change from such reading. The news of the day is for strong men to read. Tragedies, crimes, diseases, triumph in the modern press. There will be a greatly growing demand for something different. Shall we not yet see even a daily newspaper flourish and attract all the attention it requires even although it comes forth daily unspattered with blood, and unsupported by advertisements that delude the foolish into wasting money in mining and oil speculation, and deceive the rich into squandering their money on worthless mixtures ere they die? We shall see such a daily yet. A revulsion of feeling will enforce the reform.

But that is not what I set out to say at this time. SATURDAY NIGHT is greatly pleased with the approval of its old readers and the number of its new ones. Starting out on the twenty-first year of publication it wishes to tell its readers that it hopes to prove more interesting than heretofore.

#### The Englishman in Canada.

Editor Saturday Night: The best exposition of the question why the Englishman is not the *persona grata* in Canada that he thinks he ought to be is the letter of James Baugh, M.D., which appeared in your issue of Saturday last. Its virtue does not, however, lie in the "good, big heartedness" which prompts the doctor to gratuitously furnish you with "data for some of your future editorials," nor in the intrinsic worth of the data themselves, but in the tone and temper which pervade it.

In order to delineate the Englishman's character the doctor finds it necessary to begin by aspersing others: The Canadian farmer is declared "a mean specimen of humanity," jealous and ignorant and "inferior" to the Englishman; the Methodist and Presbyterian churchgoers are denounced as bigots for their "religious denominational sympathy" which did not embrace Englishmen of other denominations; Scotchmen and Irishmen are defamed because they have not truckled to the Englishman's "superlative position of dominant partner—if not boss—in national affairs"; Canadians generally are reproached because of their "envy and jealousy," which are so pronounced that the doctor "would not be surprised if some subterfuge were invented by them" to enable them to confiscate the earnings of English capital invested here rather than pay them over to Englishmen; and lastly, newspaper men are held up to scorn for their ignorance, and it is suggested that a "carload taken to England to learn the greatness of Englishmen would result in incalculable good."

Atrabiliarius dictum makes very bad argumentative data. To deprecate others, to extol himself, and to stand aghast in stolid reserve shocked at the stupidity of those who do not acclaim his superiority are the concatenation of the Englishman. Here we trace the stolid reserve which is not attributable to a diffidence or a want of assertiveness, but to empty pride and vulgar vanity. English ignorance

has generated this odious antipathy to others for generations, but I verily believe the area of contamination was circumscribed till the doctor's letter revealed the fact that it extends to higher classes than those from which the ordinary immigrant is drawn.

But this is not all: The doctor's fourth datum is a poisoned shaft aimed at Scotchmen and north of Ireland men; and I resent its arrogance and insolence. It places in juxtaposition "the fearless and outspoken personality" of the Englishman, "the dominant partner, the boss, for many centuries," with the "deference, dissimulation, cunning, flattery and sycophancy" which are begotten of conquest and which he insinuates are "the make up of the weak members of the national firm."

There is not much want of assertiveness about this. It is the recrudescence of Englishman *par excellence*. He cannot bear comparison with the genius and brilliancy of Irishmen, or with the keenness, stability, and business acumen of Scotchmen, and he soothes his acerbated soul by noxious expletives. When he goes abroad he brings with him his swashbuckler propensity, and the belief to which he has been inured from youth, that England belongs to the Englishman, that Scotland belongs to England, and that Ireland is a subject in chains; and he thinks that with his name on a card in any part of British territory he ought to receive homage as one of the dominant race. But he finds to his discomfort and chagrin that education has spread, and that the annals of the Empire proclaim what are enshrined in the hearts of the nations—the glorious achievements of Irishmen and Scotchmen in blending diversified peoples together, in consolidating them, and in erecting their governments into fabrics of the Empire where, though English, Irish and Scotchmen have equality of status, they are subject to the inexorable law of the survivor of the fittest. *Sic itur ad astra.*

Yours, etc.,

BRAM THOMPSON.

Toronto, October 15, 1907.

#### Pacific Coast Expansion.

EVIDENCES are not lacking that in the near future and probably before anyone will be fully aware of it, there will be a great expansive movement on the Pacific Coast, says Westward Ho! magazine. Men are too busy making money and attending to their business obligations, to take note of what is passing, or at any rate to tabulate it, but everything is moving faster than is realized. Population is increasing rapidly in every Coast city. Seattle claims 250,000, Vancouver 65,000, whilst Victoria assuredly does not realize that at the present moment she has within her borders not less than 30,000, and probably nearer to 35,000 people. Almost every convenience is proving inadequate for its purpose. Hotels, theatres and public buildings are all overcrowded. The attendance at public functions is far in excess of the provision. In other words no one seems to be prepared to meet the public demand or to have kept pace with its growing requirements. The reason of this is not far to seek. Great enterprises are heading for the Coast. Enormous capital has commenced to flow in, many millions have already been mortgaged to complete the purchase and development of timber and mineral claims, as well as to carry out industrial enterprises. The Grand Trunk Pacific Company is really commencing to build, stimulated thereto by the necessity for doing something before the next Federal election, and by the silent but significant movement of the Canadian Northern. Add to this the activity of the C.P.R. on Vancouver Island and the rapid approach of the Great Northern from the East, and it will be seen that there is ample ground for belief that the awakening of the Coast has begun in earnest, and will proceed at a pace which will surprise the most optimistic. All this takes no account of the astonishing increase in the Oriental and Northern trade which has already necessitated the addition of several large steamers to the Pacific fleet, and will require before long vessels at least on a par with those on the Atlantic. There is foundation beneath all this movement and it is solid. A great speaker has said that while the nineteenth century was for the United States, the twentieth will be for Canada. One may fairly go a step further and say that the crown of Canada's prosperity will be found in its Pacific province.

THE statement was made in Edmonton the other day by W. E. Ball, of New York, the best authority in America on raw fur values, that no trappers in the world, not excepting those in Russia, handle their raw furs as well as the trappers—particularly the Indians and half-breeds—of the country north of Edmonton. Mr. Ball, who has supervision of the purchases made on this continent by the Revillon Company, said to a reporter: "I have felt particularly interested in Edmonton lately, because on the reorganization of our big wholesale and retail emporium in New York we had in one window a display of furs worth \$500,000, and 60 per cent. of these beautiful skins were from the Edmonton branch, the rest were from Russia. There were silver fox, mink and marten, with other varieties, and some of the Peace River martens were about as fine as the Russian marten skins—or sable, as they are called when dressed. Your lynx skins are unsurpassed. We received one or more shipments of fur at our New York warehouse every day during the past year except Sundays and holidays."

LADY STRATHCONA has sent ten thousand guineas to the Queen's Unemployed Fund, one-tenth of the amount to be applied for the immediate relief of deserving persons who are unable to find employment. As to the remaining nine thousand guineas, Lady Strathcona wrote: "This sum I would desire to be utilized either as a gift or as a loan, at the discretion of Your Lordship and your co-trustees, in aid of enabling suitable persons amongst the unemployed, their wives and children, to emigrate and to become settlers as agricultural laborers and farmers in the Northwest of Canada. This would afford them an opportunity of permanently leaving the class of the unemployed and of becoming well-to-do and contented citizens of Canada, owning their own farms, loyal to our Sovereign and useful and devoted members of the Empire to which all Canadians are proud to belong."

THE Asiatic Exclusion League of Vancouver has passed a resolution calling upon Mr. R. G. McPherson, M.P., and five members of the British Columbia Legislature to resign and bring on by-elections to test public opinion. The members in question will no doubt make private reply that it is a good thing to suggest but a poor thing to do, being wholly unnecessary.

CAPTAIN AMUNDSEN is having four big polar bears trained to draw sleds, and with their aid will make an attempt to reach the North Pole in 1910. If this expedition runs short of food we know what will happen.

#### Cosmopolitan Winnipeg.

PORT SAID, the gateway of the mysterious East, has long been regarded as the most cosmopolitan city in the world. Its picturesque, but unwholesome thoroughfares are perpetually flooded with representatives of all the races. They seem as if some mighty hand had gathered so many hundreds from each of the peoples and set them to roam abroad to show how strange and multitudinous are the tongues and clothes of the tribes of man. But (says the Manitoba Free Press) Winnipeg, the gateway of the West, bids fair to rob the Egyptian port of her ancient position. It is doubtful whether even promiscuous Port Said can show a more motley mixture of nationalities than the Canadian Pacific depot after the arrival of one of the great immigrant trains. The call of the West for men has been heard in all the crowded corners of the earth, and they come to Winnipeg in a polyglot stream speaking half a hundred languages and habited as variously as though they were the children of different eras. A Syrian shepherd in the sheepskin of his native desert, a Galician family genial and numerous with their goods and chattels packed in a dozen ungainly packages, a German respectfully dressed and stern in expression, who has persistence writ large all over him, a Chinaman inscrutable of smile, the Briton in his many varied types, the statuesque Scandinavian, built like a hero, Hebrews from all lands and a comprehensive assortment of Americans—all can be seen any day in the spacious waiting hall at the C.P.R.

Unlike the throngs at Port Said, who pass to and fro, the human tide here flows ceaselessly one way. Oppression, overcrowding in the old lands sends these folk to the new. Some, even now, when they are breathing the free air of the prairie, still have the furtive looks that come of an ancestry of sufferers. They are probably the first of their family in all its long history who have been placed beyond the bounds of tyranny. Even the newcomers from happier lands know that here is a new start, a greater chance, a life less encumbered by artificial if immemorial conventions. The very way in which the sturdy artisans and laborers of Britain and of Germany throw out their chests, as they stride about the entrance to the promised land shows that they realize they are in Canada, where men are at least more equal, where character and not caste counts. The depot where the people, who are to form the new great nation, may be seen, with all the characteristics of their breed upon them, is profoundly engrossing, but perhaps the north end of Winnipeg, where many of the foreign people are to be observed in the process of assimilation by the Canadian nation is more interesting still. The rapidity with which most of the races acquire, at any rate, the outward characteristics of the Canadian, is astounding.

#### The Foreign Legion.

THE despatches which mention the conspicuous bravery of the Foreign Legion in the fighting between the French and the Moors around Casablanca direct attention to this peculiar organization. Many nations raise "native" corps for colonial service, but the Legion is not to be confounded with organizations of this character. It is pre-requisite of enlistment that the recruit shall not have been born in France or in the French allegiance. Consequently (says The Bellman) the Legion, which is divided into two regiments of four battalions each, is the most polyglot corps that marches under the banner of any power in the world. In its ranks are found Austrians, Germans, Spaniards, Italians, Portuguese, Englishmen, wandering South Americans and an occasional native of this continent.

A few years ago Georges d'Espardes wrote most entertainingly of life in the corps. He divided the Legion into two elements, one composed of men who had failed and whose pride inspired them to hide themselves from a world that had known them before their failure, and the other made up of those who had left their countries for their countries' good. He found in the Legion many with the accomplishments of educated men of the world and not a few scholars. One legionary was believed to be an Italian tenor who once charmed Paris. A corporal who died in the service was discovered by papers he left to have once been an Austrian colonel of engineers. The Legion is pre-eminently distinguished for three qualities—its courage, its intelligence and its dissipation. Most of its soldiers do not want to remember. Liquor is cheap in Algeria, where the Legion has its headquarters, and is consumed in enormous quantities by men who "forget what once they were not what they are now."

The early history of the Legion is somewhat cloudy, but its name seized upon the imagination of the world when Mrs. Norton wrote her famous poem. "The soldier of the Legion" must have died in Algeria early in the French campaign of conquest of that country, which opened in 1830, but which was waged for seventeen years. He came from Germany, from Bingen on the Rhine, and was not the first German by scores of thousands who had fallen under the tricolor. Napoleon employed German soldiers in masses, and not only Germans, but all foreigners on whom he could lay his hands. French were in such a minority in the army he led into Russia that he boasted to a Russian officer that he should lose only one Frenchman "and four pigs" for every five Russians that fell.

"THE time is coming," said Rudyard Kipling in his speech at Victoria, "when you will have to choose between the desired reinforcements of your own stock and blood and the undesired of races to whom you are strangers, whose speech you do not understand, and from whose instincts and traditions you are separated by thousands of years—that is your choice. For myself I think the time for making that choice is upon you now."

## Appropriate Wedding Presents---

BRASS, NICKEL and SILVER GOODS

KETTLES AND STANDS  
CHAFING DISHES  
COFFEE PERCOLATORS  
ENTREE DISHES  
BRASS KETTLES  
TRAYS  
EGG BOILERS

Our assortment is of Superior Design and Unequalled Quality.

RICE LEWIS & SON  
Limited, TORONTO



Wm Pitt & Co.

11 and 13 King Street East

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Opening of Paris Millinery on September the Ninth

Only the latest novelties in Dress Materials for Afternoon, Dinner and Evening Gowns. Our Ladies' Tailoring Department is in charge of an experienced Tailor.

Trousseaux, Morning Orders, Gloves, Corsets.

We claim for our wall papers a distinctiveness which is the result of certain conditions. Long experience in high class decorating, the practical test of our own work and skilled selection ensure successful designs, and this not only in high priced lines but also in the least expensive.

ELLIOTT & SON, Limited

79 King Street West, Toronto

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HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO  
Main Office—28 King St. W. Market Branch—108 King St. E.  
Paid Up Capital: \$3,000,000

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Interest at best current rates paid quarterly

#### New in Music at McConkey's

You should hear the New York Trio in Vocal and Instrumental Music every evening 6 to 8 and 10 to 12.

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A Place You May be Proud of

to take a friend for supper. You will find the service excellent.

After the theatre you will find the ST. CHARLES the popular retreat for dinner.  
Table d'Hôte daily, from 6 p.m. to 8.30 p.m.  
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in all their glory will be found in profusion at

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Send for our illustrations of Wedding Bouquets, 96 Yonge Street, Toronto, Night and Sunday Phone, Park 792.

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Reports on Securities  
furnished on application.  
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and sold on Commission.

## A. E. Ames &amp; Co.

LIMITED  
7-9 King St. E. TORONTO

ASSETS  
\$8,424,011

CAPITAL (PAID UP) \$2,500,000  
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**CENTRAL CANADA**  
LOAN & SAVINGS  
COMPANY  
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DEPOSITS RECEIVED  
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**Royal Insurance Company**  
(Limited)  
(OF LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND)

**LIFE DEPARTMENT**  
CANADIAN POLICYHOLDERS  
share in the  
PROFITS OF THE COMPANY'S  
ENTIRE LIFE BUSINESS.

Toronto Office, 27-29 Wellington St. East  
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Railway and Railroad Bonds  
yielding from 5 per cent. to  
6 per cent. Full information  
gladly furnished on request.  
WRITE FOR INFORMATION TO  
**WARDEN & FRANCIS**  
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**LONDON & LANCASHIRE**  
**FIRE**  
INSURANCE COMPANY

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ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager



**LAWYER'S  
BRIEF  
BAGS**

The Julian Sale Bags are  
made on fine European  
easy working frames and  
from the finest rich nat-  
ural grain leather. We  
make them in three sizes  
all 18 inches long.

**\$6.00 7.00 8.00**  
Catalogue free. Express  
paid in Ontario.

**Julian Sale**  
Leather Goods Co. Limited  
105 KING ST. WEST

**J. S. HANSON**  
Druggist  
Prescriptions and Fine Chemicals  
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Developing and Finishing  
444 SPADINA AVENUE  
Phone Main 830

## THE INVESTOR

TORONTO

MONTREAL



MR. HARRY COCKSHUTT  
Brantford.

MONTREAL, Oct. 16.  
THE annual meeting of the share-  
holders of the Dominion Iron and  
Steel Company held recently in this city  
reunited here a number of Canada's  
leading men of business. Many of these  
men possess a national reputation for  
ability and forcefulness, but it is to be  
doubted if among them all there is a  
more picturesque and impressive figure  
than that of Senator David McKeen, of  
Halifax. Big of body, big of head, and  
big of jaw, the veteran politician and  
financier is an impersonation of force,  
physical, mental and moral. And his peculiarly grim and  
caustic humor, growled out in an immense bass voice,  
gives a raciness and biting acid flavor to his conversation  
and manner which make him almost unique.

There are hundreds of stories and more or less "good  
things" told about the Senator, and even during the few  
days of his stay at the Windsor hotel on this last trip he  
became the occasion of a couple of yarns circulating in  
that hostelry.

It seems that the Senator went into the hotel barber  
shop for his morning shave, and fell into the hands of one  
of the tonsorial artists who prides himself on his resem-  
blance to the Senator in the matter of the configuration  
of his cranium.

"Do you know, Senator," he said, as he slapped the  
suds onto the Halifaxian's big jaw, "do you know that  
my head is a good deal like yours?"

The Senator threw up an enquiring eye, and then  
growled through the layer of lather on his face:  
"Humph! but only on the outside, my man, only on the  
outside."

Another story is to the effect that Senator McKeen  
came over to the office in the rotunda, and leaning over  
the big counter proceeded to express his disapproval of  
a steak he had just had, and especially of the price thereof.  
This is how he did it, growling and drawing out his words  
in his most aggravating style:

"You fellows don't charge enough for your meat.  
Only seventy-five cents for a steak—that's not enough.  
It should be more. Four steaks to the pound—three dol-  
lars a pound for steak. A good steer gives about one  
thousand pounds of meat. Only three thousand dollars  
for a carcass. That is not enough. You fellows are ruin-  
ing yourselves."

But the clerk was Irish and got back. In the same  
drawl and also in the same bass voice, so far as it can be  
imitated by an ordinary throat, he replied:

"You're right, Senator. It doesn't cost anything to cook  
a steak. Coal is nothing. You were long connected with  
the Dominion Coal Company, and you sold your coal at  
about seven dollars a ton. Nine-tenths of it is slate and  
slack and won't burn—that makes it only about seventy  
dollars a ton. That is not enough. You should charge  
more, Senator, or you will starve to death."

The Senator was game.  
"You win," he growled, and strode off across the  
rotunda, chuckling at the way the clerk retorted.

Now and again one hears passing reference to the fact  
that Canadian banks are hard put to it to  
obtain sufficient men of the proper calibre  
to conduct their ever growing businesses.

Young men of the present generation—Can-  
adians, at least—are given to shying from a position in a  
bank, in spite of the fact that the business is presumed to  
be a comparatively easy one, and beyond that the bank  
clerk is thought to gain certain social privileges; a status  
in society given to few professions—an old world idea, by  
the way, dragged into a new country. Some of the large  
monetary institutions, such as the Bank of Commerce,  
have for some years past been in the habit of bringing  
out to Canada a large number of young Englishmen and  
Scotchmen and placing them in their various branches. In  
spite of these importations, however, the demand very  
largely exceeds the supply, and this is particularly so in  
the ever-growing West. The reason for this dearth of  
men is not far to seek. They are underpaid, absurdly  
underpaid, when their responsibilities are taken into con-  
sideration. An instance came under my observation the  
other day of a branch manager—a small branch it is true  
—of one of Canada's foremost banks, who was getting  
the lordly sum of \$750 per annum, while his assistant was  
obtaining \$250 per annum. Total wages for the branch  
\$1,000 per year. Now, this manager might most any day  
tuck \$10,000 or so into his pockets and jump; or again  
he might make an error, not a very large one either, and  
lose a month's salary. This manager's stipend figures out  
at a trifle over \$14 per week, which would be considered  
about fair wages for a dray driver, or an under-clerk in a  
second-class grocery. Still on that sum the branch man-  
ager is presumed to keep himself respectable, live in de-  
cent quarters, mix with nice people, and pay his debts.  
How the junior gets on with his \$250 per year is a mys-  
tery, but it is to be presumed that "letters from home"  
contain the necessary sums to make up deficiencies. If  
this bank was a struggling institution one might forgive  
them, but on the contrary it is one of the most prosperous  
institutions of the kind on the continent. However, this  
case is by no means unique, nor is this bank the only  
offender. The average bank clerk, teller or ledger keeper,  
loaded down with responsibilities, grinds away all day  
and comes back at night three days out of every seven,  
and actually obtains less in wages per annum than does  
the clerk in the wholesale house, not to speak of the book-  
keepers employed in the same institutions. Out in the  
West the branch managers and their assistants are leaving  
the banks wholesale, launching into this business and that  
as opportunity offers; it having reached a point where  
the bank clerk can no longer live on his salary, and if he  
is to remain honest and live decently he must seek other  
employment. Such a scale of pay looks like a premium  
on dishonesty.

That a pretty close understanding exists between the  
Allans of steamship fame and the officials  
of the Grand Trunk Pacific respecting  
the G.T.P. vessels on both the Atlantic and Pacific  
is proven by some remarks made by Mr.  
C. M. Hays upon his return from the western coast a few

days ago. New conditions bring new  
opportunities, and there can be no ques-  
tion but that an alliance between the  
G.T.P. and the Allans would be of  
mutual benefit. As a matter of fact the  
C.P.R., since having its steamship ser-  
vices well in hand on both oceans, has a  
distinct advantage over any corporation  
which operates ocean vessels only, as  
have the Allans for something like a  
century. The time appears to have ar-  
rived when a consolidation between  
ocean and inland trade is at hand. They  
fit into each other like fingers into a  
glove; and it therefore behooves the steamship companies  
to get next to a real live trans-continental railway popu-  
lation if they mean to keep up with the commercial pro-  
cession.

TORONTO, OCT. 17.

SOME distrust has been occasioned in money circles this  
week owing to the passing of dividends by the De-  
troit-United and Toledo Railway Companies. Why such  
actions on the part of directors of the companies men-  
tioned should cause any disturbance here is not quite  
clear. It is true that both issues are listed on the Toronto  
Stock Exchange, but at no time did the Ontario public go  
wild about them. On the contrary, they were given a wide  
berth. Mr. H. A. Everett's connection with them was  
possibly a plea for the listing of these tramways in To-  
ronto, but while speculators went mad over a reasonable  
amount of success in other issues some few years ago, the  
above-named securities were avoided as having too much  
water. For once, at least, the Toronto crowd were level  
headed, and the collapse in the prices of these securities  
this week was not directly felt. They were not carried by  
anyone here; but indirectly the local market was affected  
by the 25 point drop in Detroit-United. As everybody  
knows, large amounts of Twin City, Sao Paulo, and Rio  
de Janeiro are held here, and sympathetically these issues  
have had a set-back. No doubt these stocks were sold to  
some extent by Montreal brokers who carried Detroit-  
United and Toledo, and the lower prices of all issues pro-  
duced some uneasiness here. The stocks on which the  
dividends were passed have been quite freely traded in on  
the Montreal Stock Exchange. They were favorites with  
some of the French-Canadian houses, and very heavy  
losses have been made. Even Toronto Railway stock  
slumped several points in the Eastern market, and Mont-  
real Street went down to the price at which the new issue  
had been allotted. No serious results, however, seem to  
be anticipated here. The amount of stock carried on  
margin is smaller now than for many years, and in many  
instances the companies are doing better, with prospects  
favorable.

The absurd and cruel attack made by a local paper  
on the credit of one of our large financial houses may have  
produced a little uneasiness in some circles, but it missed  
the mark. The house has not assigned, and there is no  
fear now that the securities which it was intended should  
be sacrificed will come on the market.

Another episode of the week is the passing of the dividend  
by the Securities Holding Co. (Limited).  
This company was formed some three or  
four years ago, the assets of which consist of  
the debts of incident to the then failure of  
A. E. Ames & Co., this city. The creditors of the house  
that failed in 1903 were induced to take scrip in the  
Securities Holding Co., which was organized at that time.  
This, it was thought, would give the firm time to realize  
on their holdings. This company was to pay six per cent.  
per annum, in quarterly instalments, but it was decided  
last week to pass the dividend owing to the stringency of  
the money market. The secretary writes as follows:  
"This course has, with great reluctance, been decided  
upon because of conditions incident to the long continued  
stringency in money. The stringency has materially in-  
creased interest charges on loans against securities owned  
by the company, and has seriously interfered with market-  
ing these securities. This interference with the normal  
marketing of securities and the decrease in net earnings  
makes it necessary to safeguard as much as practicable  
the company's position with its lenders, and impairment  
of capital has also to be avoided, if possible. The direc-  
tors very much regret the necessity for passing the di-  
vidend, but feel that further substantial liquidation must be  
made before it will be proper to resume dividend pay-  
ments."

No statement accompanies this circular. The last  
two lines quoted above are not very encouraging: "Fur-  
ther substantial liquidation must be made before it will  
be proper to resume dividend payments." It would be  
pertinent to ask how much liquidation has already been  
made? Is this the time for liquidation? There have  
been ample opportunities to liquidate, and at good prices  
too, since the formation of the company. Was advantage  
taken of good markets to do this? Are the officers of the  
company still drawing salaries?

The statement of Great Britain's foreign trade in Sep-  
tember emphasized a new development in  
international trade balances. The statement  
showed an increase in the month's exports  
over the same month last year of \$26,156,000,  
reducing the excess of imports to \$50,965,000, the smallest  
of any month since before the Boer war. Last year's  
September excess of imports was \$72,717,000; in 1903 it  
was \$110,675,000.

London has been a heavy seller of American stocks all  
week, and considerable demoralization has  
ruled on Wall Street. The lowest prices in  
two years for a large number of issues are  
reported. The time rates for money show  
little change, while the quotations for call money in New  
York have not risen as high as many people predicted.  
From the depths of despair into which Wall Street mani-  
festly has fallen (temporarily), it is cheering to hear one  
lone voice not pitched in doleful strain. A member of one  
of the three largest banking houses in New York, one of  
whose foreign connections are unexcelled, said the other  
day: "The stock market has exaggerated the seriousness

## BANK OF HAMILTON

The only way to start  
a Savings Account is to  
start it. Good Inten-  
tions do not bear  
interest—neither does  
idle money.

The Bank of Hamilton pays interest at high-  
est current rate, compounded quarterly.  
Branches in the City of Toronto:  
Cor. Queen and Spadina, Cor. College and O-  
sington, 34 Yonge St., Cor. Yonge and  
Gould. Toronto Junction.

## THE BANK OF OTTAWA

credits interest on Savings Accounts  
QUARTERLY.

OFFICES IN TORONTO:  
37 King St. East and corner of Broadview and Gerrard

## The Crown Bank of Canada

DIVIDEND NO. 7

NOTICE is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of one per  
cent has been declared upon the paid-up capital stock of  
this bank, and that the same will be payable at the head office  
and branches on and after Tuesday, the 1st of October, 1907.

The transfer books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th  
September, both days inclusive. By order of the board.

G. DE C. O'GRADY,  
General Manager.

Toronto, 27th August, 1907.

MONEY  
ORDERSDOMINION  
EXPRESS  
CO.FOREIGN  
DRAFTS

## TRAVELERS' CHEQUES

DOMINION  
EXPRESS  
CO.

Payable by  
Agents and Correspond-  
ents in All Parts of the World

DOMINION  
EXPRESS  
CO.

SAFE—CONVENIENT—ECONOMICAL

Issued by Agents  
Throughout Canada

DOMINION  
EXPRESS  
CO.

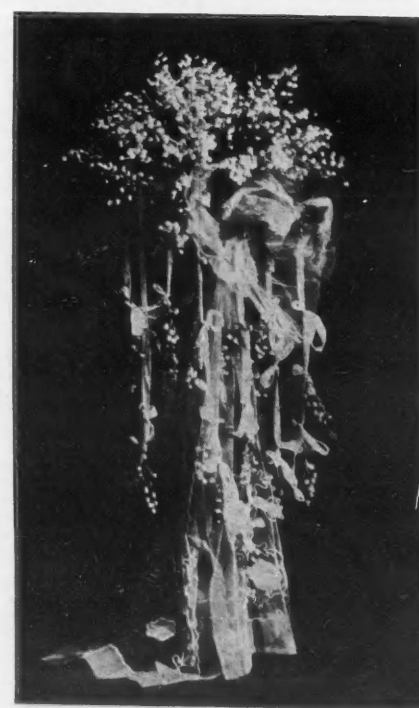
Numerous Branch  
Agencies in Drug  
Stores, etc., in business  
and residential districts,  
open early and late.

## THE METROPOLITAN BANK

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000.00 Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits, \$1,188,713.22

BRANCHES IN TORONTO  
40-46 King Street West  
Corner College and Bathurst Sts.  
" Dundas and Arthur Sts.  
" Queen St. East and Lee Ave.  
" Queen St. West and Dunn Ave.  
" Queen and McCaul Sts.  
Gerrard and Main Sts., East Toronto

ALL BANKING FACILITIES  
Foreign and Domestic exchange bought  
and sold. Letters of Credit issued—  
available everywhere. Collections  
promptly and satisfactorily made.  
Correspondents in United States and  
Europe.  
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT—\$1 opens an  
account. Interest compounded FOUR  
times a year.



## FOR OCTOBER WEDDINGS

J. S. Simmons makes a specialty of decorating.  
To have him cater is to be pleased with the result.

**J. S. SIMMONS** 266 Yonge St.

## Imperial Bank of Canada

Dividend No. 69

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of **eleven per cent.** (11 per cent.) per annum upon the Paid-up Capital stock of this institution has been declared for the quarter ending 31st October, 1907, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after

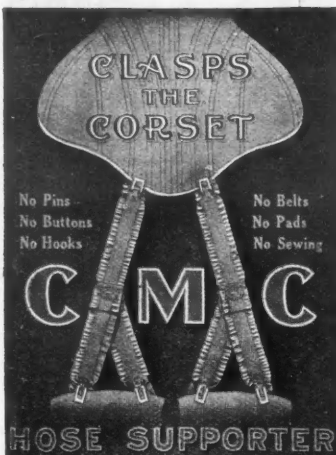
FRIDAY, THE 1ST OF NOVEMBER NEXT

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 19th to the 31st of October, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

**D. R. WILKIE, General Manager**  
Toronto, Ont., 18th September, 1907.

**AGENTS WANTED**  
**Guardian Assurance Co.**  
LIMITED  
Funds: Thirty Million Dollars  
Apply Manager, Montreal



Women who dress correctly know how much depends on the hose supporter. The "C.M.C." is the only right kind.

**C.H. WESTWOOD & CO.**  
LIMITED  
MANUFACTURERS, TORONTO

## Conservative Investments

to return 5% to 6% interest. Absolute safety is the first essential opening investment recommended by us. Correspondence invited.

**D. M. STEWART & CO.**  
BANKERS  
151 St. James St., Montreal

## Culverhouse Optical Co., Ltd.

### CONSIDER

your children's eyesight. If faulty, it is a severe handicap during school life.

Our facilities, from long experience, are the very best, and our charges are moderate.

**CULVERHOUSE OPTICAL CO.**  
M. 4556 4 Richmond St. East



## Wedding Cakes

from Webb's are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration.

They are shipped by express to all parts of Canada, safe arrival guaranteed.

Illustrated Catalogue Free

**The Harry Webb Co.**  
Limited  
447 Yonge St., Toronto

of the trade reaction. We are likely to see a period of less extravagance; there will follow a stricter practice of economy all round, but this ultimately will be beneficial, not injurious. The money market is undeniably under a strain, but there are at work many agencies tending to set it right. Securities, to my mind, have discounted every unfavorable factor and ought to improve."

The outlook for money conditions is not as bad as a year ago. The Bank of England reserve is still 10 per cent. better than a year ago, and the discount rate is unchanged at 4½ per cent., whereas a year ago this week it was raised from 5 to 6

per cent. Gold is going to Egypt in larger quantities than last year. The comparatively easy money in London may not last long. From this date onwards bills discounted for the market by the Bank of England will mature, and the total so held is not far short of £5,000,000. During the eight months of 1907, ending with August, England's imports of gold were \$156,937,850, and exports \$107,519,435, leaving a balance of nearly \$50,000,000 retained there, all but seven or eight millions of which were lodged in the Bank of England. South Africa supplied \$94,731,000 of the eight months' imports. France and India secured, between them, \$47,422,000 of the exports. Brazil and Argentina took \$33,612,000 during this period.

## Social and Personal

**M**RS. C. W. POWIS, formerly Olive Logan, will hold her post-nuptial reception next Friday, October 25, at her residence, 28 McMaster avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Powis took Mr. Charles Lees' house at that address, on the removal of Mr. and Mrs. Lee to Uxbridge. Mrs. Lee was in town last week on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Playfair, and to say good-bye to Mrs. Walter S. Lee and Mrs. Selwyn, who left Canada this week.

The air is full of happy rumors, two more engagements having been informally announced this week; the young ladies being members of a well-known old Toronto family.

The engagement of Miss Anna May Hodge, daughter of George Hodge, M. D., of London, Ontario, and Mr. Franklin S. Wiley, of Port Arthur, is announced. Their marriage will take place early next year.

Mrs. D. King Smith, nee Myles, received for the first time in her charming new home in Wellesley street on Monday afternoon, when her friends trooped in crowds to call and to admire the bright, dainty surroundings of the popular bride-hostess. Mrs. Smith wore a light gown with touches of turquoise, and was assisted by her sister, Miss Myles, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Percy Myles, Mrs. A. P. Burritt and Mrs. Dwight Turner, nee Phillips. Miss Cosby and several other girl friends were in the pretty tea room, where a wealth of white mums made a very bride-like table, artistically lighted. The whole menage is exquisitely attractive, and Mrs. Smith is a charming hostess.

Senator and Mrs. Ross will leave for Ottawa about the middle of November. Captain and Mrs. Charles Boone, who arrive from England to-day, will occupy Senator Ross' house in Elmsley Place this winter, having leased it for six months. Mrs. Boone was Dorothy Lynn Mallock, and is a niece of the well-known novelist, Mrs. Lynn Linton. Her marriage to Captain Boone took place in Guernsey last June, and was an event of social importance and military éclat. Captain Boone has retired from the service and will reside permanently in Toronto.

Mr. Charles Tomlinson and his bride (May Hinchcliff Brown) sailed for Europe from New York last Saturday.

The engagement is announced of Miss T. Muriel Merrill, daughter of the late Judge Merrill, of Picton, and Mr. Christopher Holden, of Preston, Lancashire, England.

The autumn gymkhana which took place under the auspices of the Toronto Hunt last Saturday afternoon attracted a very large crowd to the polo grounds on the Hunt Club property at Scarborough. There were motors galore, very comfy to keep warm in, as the raw October air chilled delicate visitors, and the noses of the ladies fair became various shades of emerald, petunia and royal crimson, as they clustered in the pavilion and snuggled into their handsome furs. For there wasn't a glint of sunshine, and very few attractions could have brought and held a crowd of delicately nurtured feminines as did the smart and sporty institution on the lake shore. Some of the lady members of the hunt rode in two or three events, Miss Falconbridge, Miss Kerr, of Rathnelly, and Miss Long looking well in their trim hats and habits. Among the lookers-on were: Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones, Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Mann, Mrs. McGregor Young, Mrs. Crosshwaite, Miss Kingsmill, Mr. and Mrs. Britain, of London, Eng., who had been lunching with Mr. and Mrs. Mann, Mr. and Mrs. Long, Mrs. W. S. Lee, Mrs. Selwyn, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Mara, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. A. Tripp, Colonel and Mrs. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beardmore, Messrs. Beardmore, Dr. and Mrs. Albert Macdonald, Mr. Albert and Miss Yvonne Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Reeves, Mr. E. and Mr. Charles Cronyn, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Northcote, Mr. Morley, Mr. Jack Osler, Miss Roberts, the Misses Melfort Boulton, Mr. Jack Cawthra, Mrs. Douglas Young, Mrs. W. Gwyn, Major Carpenter, Colonel and Mrs. Williams, Mr. Torrance Beardmore, Mr. William Laidlaw, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Mulock, Mr. Eric Kirkpatrick, Dr. and Mrs. Capon, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Clark, Miss Evelyn Cox, Mrs. D. King Smith and scores of others. The afternoon was punctuated by several loud reports as now and again a motor tire blew up, and the usual hilarity was heard during the funny races always included in a gymkhana programme. The Master had, as usual, invited the agriculturists whose farms lie in the various runs of the hounds during the season, and they and their families greatly enjoyed the races and the look-in at society's doings. There was tea in a tent at the polo grounds. After the programme was finished a great many stayed for dinner at the Hunt Club, over six score being dined there, and all the tables being decorated with white mums.

The Strollers Club having removed from their familiar quarters to a snite a few doors east, opened their rooms this week to the members. The new address is No. 70 King street east, over the Toronto Furnace Company's showrooms, and a distinct advantage to the club is that they have a separate entrance. Other more convenient features are pleasing the management and a prosperous season is assured. The Saturday matinee programmes will soon be arranged and will be largely orchestral this season.

Cards are out for Mrs. Alex. Ireland's dance on next Friday week at McConkey's. This will be Miss Harriet Ireland's coming out festivity and will be a large affair, to which, as the first private dance of the season everyone looks forward with special anticipations.

The last Monday hop of the Argonauts was given on Monday evening, closing a season of great enjoyment to the young set, who turned out joyously for these informal

small and earlies, and danced with the greatest enthusiasm. Looking at their graceful movements and smiling delight it seems a pity that they will in a few years be gathering round card tables, if bridge survives so long, or wondering what fun can be found in tearing around to music, as has been heard to remark.

The Italian Club held an "election of officers" meeting at Mrs. Dignam's last week, and confirmed last season's selections. Signor Sacco still continues to direct the Club, and Mrs. Dignam is president.

Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt are at their town house, having closed Casa Loma on Davenport Hill for the winter. Lady Pellatt will not receive until the first Monday in November.

On Monday night an unusually enthusiastic Princess premier greeted Sir Gilbert Parker's play, "The Right of Way." Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, of Meadowbank, had the bridegroom of last Wednesday, Mr. Jameson, in their party. Everyone has looked in during the week to see a Canadian play by a Canadian author, a very rare sight.

Mr. Perceval Ridout is still in town, being occupied with business matters. Mr. Eric Kirkpatrick came out from England last week, and was much welcomed at Upper Canada College on Prize Day by Toronto friends.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong have taken an apartment at La Plaza. This pretty foreign looking building has given a most distinguished touch to the north corner of Jarvis and Charles street, and nearly every inch of the apartment has been taken.

A great shock was the news of Miss Winifred Kingsmill's death on Sunday, which occurred after a short illness, occasioned by a chronic weakness of the heart, from which she had long suffered. The funeral of the deceased lady took place at Niagara-on-the-Lake on Tuesday. Miss Kingsmill was the third daughter of Mr. Nicol Kingsmill, K. C., of Yorkville avenue. The sincerest sympathy is sent to her father and family by hosts of friends all over Canada.

Mrs. Edward Morris expects Major Morris, her son, out from England on a visit this week. Mrs. Morris rented her flat in Sussex court to Mrs. Henry Totten for the summer, but has returned to occupancy this fall. Mrs. Totten is now in Orangeville.

Mrs. John Kay has sent out cards for a tea on October 23, to present her daughter, Edith, who will make her debut this season.

A most sorrowful announcement was that of the death while on a duck shooting trip, of Mr. George A. Gouin, of Edmonton, whose marriage to Miss Mabel Squarey, of Toronto, was to have taken place on November 25. The meagre details now at hand say that this tragedy was one of those lamentable accidents when a friend is the unconscious cause. Mr. Gouin was killed by a comrade with whom he was hunting at Cooking Lake, some twenty miles from his home. Even strangers feel the greatest sympathy with the stricken bride-elect, whose anticipated happiness is shattered by such a cruel blow, and friends send loving sympathy from all quarters.

This evening Mr. Lissant Beardmore makes his debut as a professional on the concert platform at the Conservatory of Music, and his friends are expecting much pleasure on the occasion. He is in perfect voice.

Mr. Frank Yeigh gave a fascinating lecture on "The Canada of To-day" at Association Hall on Thursday evening, and had his usual excellent lantern slides in illustration.

The reception and tea in the Q.O.R. bungalow at the Rifle Ranges last Saturday was largely attended, and Lady Pellatt was most cordial of hostesses. The bungalow was made a cosy and delightful haven from the raw searching wind, by having its wide hearth piled with blazing logs and its teatable loaded with dainty temptations to spoil one's dinner. The decorations were Beauty roses, and Colonel Sir Henry Pellatt and his officers were the best of hosts and the band of the regiment played on the verandah.

St. George street is the thoroughfare which is scarcely recognizable by absentees of a decade. Above Bloor a score of handsome big houses and many of lesser area have been finished quite recently. Mr. Ross Gooderham's is now complete and looks splendid.

The marriage of Miss Tessie Malcolm, daughter of Mr. R. D. Malcolm, and Mr. Rex Ewart Nicholson, took place last Saturday at half-past two o'clock at the home of the bride's father, Rev. G. M. Milligan, D.D., officiating. The service was performed in the drawing-room under a canopy of wide white satin ribbons and a floral bell. Mr. Malcolm brought in the bride, who wore an Empire robe of Chantilly lace, mounted on chiffon and taffeta, with tulle veil and orange blossoms and carried a shower of lilies and roses. Two bridal gifts, a topaz necklace and bracelet were the ornaments worn. The bridesmaid was Miss Marjorie Malcolm, sister of the bride, and the best man Mr. Harry Nicholson, brother of the groom. The bridesmaid was in pink chiffon over silk with pink picture hat and plumes and carried roses. The bridegroom gave her a gold bracelet and the best man a signet ring. Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson left after the wedding breakfast for a honeymoon in the south, and will reside in Sussex court. The bride went away in a tailored costume of blue broadcloth, with lace blouse, a green felt hat and mink furs. The bridal couple were sent off with much confetti and joyous laughter and the skirl of the pipes, dear to the Scottish heart.

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If you are feeling out of sorts by all means visit Cook's at once and get right. They are open day and night; excellent sleeping accommodation and rooms for those remaining all night.

DAINTY BILL OF FARE SERVED AT ALL HOURS.

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Port	Gallon	Dozen	Bottle
Full and Soft	5 00	11 00	1 10
A Full, Rich Old Wine	6 00	13 00	1 25
Old, Extra Choice	7 00	15 00	1 50
Very Old, Extra Choice	8 00	17 00	1 75
White Port, J. W. Burmeister	13 00	13 00	1 35
Commandador	18 00	18 00	1 75
Convido Port Wine	15 00	15 00	1 40
Special Old Port	10 00	22 00	2 00
Gilbey's Invalid Port	14 00	14 00	1 25

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Tells its own true story on the merit and quality. Score and oven records are showing great doubling up of figures all along the line—quality tells in the long run.

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The annual contest in New York for the Typewriting Championship of the World takes place this week. We hope next week to announce our accustomed success. We have won it in eight successive contests.

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### Toronto as Seen by a Stranger.

Rev. Dr. Anson G. Chester, of Buffalo, gives SATURDAY NIGHT his Impressions of Toronto.

UNTIL very recently Toronto and myself were strangers. So much the worse for myself. Now that I have visited the fair city and have come in contact with its brave attributes and numerous attractions, I ask your kind permission to put my impressions upon record.

The voyage from Lewiston to Toronto is ideal. Upon the day when it was enjoyed by the writer, in the pleasant company of chosen friends, Lake Ontario was in its most amiable mood, and the trip was simply delightful.

The water approach to Toronto is both picturesque and impressive, but disenchantment promptly ensues upon arrival at the docks. That portion of the city constituting its land-front is severely unattractive—almost squalid. However, the unfavorable impression made upon landing rapidly disappears as the visitor penetrates the approximate, and, especially, the more remote districts.

The initial conviction forced upon the mind of a stranger is to the effect that Toronto possesses very few characteristics that are essentially English—that, in a word, it has become thoroughly Americanized. Omitting the one item of multitudinous sky-scrapers, it closely resembles portions of New York. The streets might be cleaner, but, in this respect, Toronto by no means stands alone. The public buildings are exceptionally fine; few cities can boast anything more grand or imposing than Parliament House, University group and City Hall.

The multiplicity of houses of worship is a striking feature. Brooklyn hitherto has been dominated "the city of churches," but it would seem to be quite in order for Toronto to send to that proverbially ecclesiastical locality a numerical challenge in this respect.

King Edward Hotel would do no discredit to London itself. The Eaton cosmos is a commercial marvel. The public parks are ornate and scrupulously kept, and the street railway service is admirable; the authorities evidently desire to accommodate the public, an example which some other cities would do well to follow. The sight-seeing facilities are ample, but the price of tickets is exorbitant.

The Exposition, which constitutes an annual feature, deserves high praise for the extent, variety and excellence characterizing the displays in its numerous departments. The grounds are spacious and the buildings are substantial and convenient—some of them make pretensions to architectural merit. It was a pleasant surprise to find that, among the prominent exhibits, high art, together with the more delicate orders of handicraft—much of it woman's—were awarded a place. The floral display, too, was abundant, choice and tasteful, and the bewildering varieties of fruit were calculated to renew, in thought, at least, the temptation in Paradise. The wide reputation and habitual success of the enterprise are not to be wondered at, considering its benevolent purpose and its substantial merits.

Now for an experience which brought the writer pain. Having, by invitation, paid a visit to the rooms of the Board of Trade, his attention was directed to a most superb bust of England's latest Queen—its latest and best—the incomparable Victoria. It seemed to me, as I stood before it, that creative genius had rarely inspired anything more faultlessly beautiful; only a single look is required to inspire the observer with the profoundest admiration. The likeness is perfect; the expression is lifelike in serenity and benignance. But what a wide discrepancy between the exquisite thing itself and its environment! What a contrast between this almost matchless marvel of genius and its mean surroundings! To me, there was something in the discrepancy that had the savor of insult; there was that in the contrast which suggested sacrilege. Such a consummate creation, representing such a woman and such a Queen, should not be compelled to linger in the haunts and remain in continual contact with the common-places of trade; its immediate environment should be apposite and aesthetic, if not sacred. Either the city itself, or some wealthy and loyal citizen, should straightway rescue this triumph of sculpture from its present ignominious associations, and make it one of the prominent features of the city by installing it in a special shrine, not, indeed, for the purpose of eliciting adoration, but in reverent and grateful appreciation of one whose private life was an example to the world at large, and the purity, four-square justice and imperishable glory of whose reign combined to render her as really great as she was truly good. After having seen what I did, I could not rest without entering my emphatic protest against this impertinence to womanhood at its best and royal in perfection; against a want of taste which merges into offence and an inappropriateness which carries with it both a lack of appreciation and a slur which amounts to insult and injustice. England has cause to remember and reason to reverence more than any other—and so has Canada, which is virtually the same as England—the superb woman and gracious Sovereign who lives again in the masterpiece to which attention is here directed. This fact alone should be sufficient to impel the transfer which taste and fitness and justice and gratitude demand.

Toronto is a busy, bustling, buzzing place, full of Yankee grit and grind, of genuine American push, pluck and persistence. It is a city before which there surely stretches a gracious and golden future.

BUFFALO, OCT. 11.

A wealth of interesting information concerning India is contained in a statistical abstract just issued by the British Government. Here are a few figures which show the enormous size of our great dependency:

Area in square miles, 1,773,103; towns, 2,143; villages 723,605; population, 294,361,036. Perhaps the most astonishing from the blue-book is that a British-born population of under 100,000 maintains control over more than a million square miles of British territory and rules over 230,000,000 of the native population. The native states and agencies cover an area of another 675,000 square miles and contain just over 55,000,000 persons. The languages spoken number 185.

Of the total population no fewer than 207,147,026 are Hindus, Mohammedans number 62,400,000, Christians number 2,932,241, and among other religions are Sikh, Jain, Buddhist, Parsee, Jewish, and Animistic.

Those of the Christian religion are split up into fourteen denominations, these including Anglican, Armenian, Baptist, Congregationalist, Greek, Lutheran, Methodist, Presbyterian, Quaker, Roman Catholic, Romo-Syrian (Jacobite and others), and Salvationist. Plague and wild animals are the two deadliest foes of the native Indian. In the last ten years as many as 4,690,000 persons have died of plague, while 251,000 have been killed by wild animals and snakes in British India alone.

### The Confidence that Money Gives.

Bystander in the St. John's News.

THE men who gathered in the board-room of the C.P.R. the other day, at the annual meeting of the company, represented what, with their interests in other enterprises, their holdings in the company, and the number of proxies committed to their care, something like \$300,000,000.

No wonder they looked happy and confident; that each face around the table beamed with pleasure; that each man looked upon life with courage.

"Put money in thy purse," recommended the able Iago. This expresses the practical and desirable philosophy of life. The man with money in his pocket is doubly as courageous as he who is conscious of financial limitation. The man, out of a position, who feels that he has something to fall back upon, will get new employment far more certainly than will that person who, having nothing to depend on, expresses, all unconsciously, in every aspect and attitude—feebleness and timidity—fatal evidences, which are condemnatory before a word is spoken.

When I am in a strange city the consciousness of a slender purse gives me a sickening sense of futility. I am well persuaded that all who pass me by count my few dollars to the last cent, and mark me for a failure. That searching look which the hotel clerk gives me determines my status with brutal accuracy. I sign my name with a trembling hand. The very bell boys, reading me through and through, know that I do not count for anything, and that it would be a waste of time to pay me any attention.

Amid an environment which expresses abundant wealth, one counts his few dollars with a feeling of impotent anguish. In a softer and more friendly atmosphere, there might be other things to re-establish the courage. In the hurried street, there is one power recognized—money.

What is the first thing the average man thinks about when he is planning for a little holiday? How much money he can put in his pocket. He has no thought of spending it all, but he knows by experience that if he can feel a comfortable "wad" his confidence and enjoyment will be secured.

The smallest thing that money does is to buy bread. It fortifies the moral nature. It makes for sweetness of disposition.

Its possession gives a fresh, optimistic outlook upon life. It is a cure for dyspepsia. It makes for all genial, kindly things. Bernard Shaw was right when he said that it was not tracts which would save the British workman, but thirty shillings a week.

Money makes virtue easy. It is the want of it which produces vice and crime. The greatest of all curses is poverty.

The man without money deteriorates ninety per cent.—morally. The consciousness that one has enough for legitimate need, mellows, softens, humanizes the nature.

"Costly thy habits as thy purse can buy." Certainly; for the well-dressed man has an infinite advantage over the frowsy person.

Clothes not merely give confidence, but they make for virtue.

### Edward the Peacemaker.

From The Forum.

IT is due entirely to the extraordinary diplomacy and tact of the King of England that the era of good feeling among the nations exists. How long it will continue no one can say, and no wise statesman deludes himself into the belief that it will continue indefinitely, but there is warrant for the hope that peace will not be broken so long as King Edward remains at the active head of affairs.

A man of extraordinary ability is the present King of England, a man whose great capacity was not suspected until long after an age when the world has usually formed and closed its judgment of men. Had the King died when he was stricken down with appendicitis on the eve of his coronation he would have occupied a much smaller place in history than he does now. Up to that time, as the world was able to know him, he was a man who loved life and got out of life all there was in it. He had always been noted for his tact; a marked trait was his desire to make every one around him happy and to play the peacemaker whenever it was possible, but no opportunity had been given him to give proof of statesmanship of the first order.

In a few short years he has shown himself to be the first statesman of Europe. He has brought about an entente with France, which made the two nations, for so many many years bitter enemies, friends and allies. That was the beginning of a new policy, a policy as extraordinary in its far-seeing scope and wonderful results as it was logical and simple in accomplishing what the King desired—the peace of Europe.

Summed up, the result of King Edward's diplomacy of the last few years is seen to be as follows: England and France have settled all the questions that formerly kept apart, and are now working in perfect concord to keep the peace of Europe; England and Russia have reached a working arrangement, and a clash between the two powers, either in the Far or Near East, is no longer feared; between England and Italy and England and Austria there is complete sympathy; an English princess sits on the throne of Spain, which is of importance politically because of the interest England has in the Mediterranean; an English princess sits on the throne of Norway, which is of lesser importance but not without its political value. England, therefore, can command the support of every European power with the sole exception of Germany, whose Emperor rages with impotent fury as he watches the success of his uncle's diplomacy. But so long as Germany is isolated—and she is practically isolated to-day, because, for the reasons given, the Italian and Austrian alliance does not mean much—the world has little to fear that its peace will be broken by Germany.

Sir Hiram Maxim, the great engineer and inventor of the automatic system of firearms, has confessed that he was no infant prodigy; in fact, he believes that he was the most stupid and also the best behaved pupil at his first school, and to prove the former point he tells how he won a leather medal. It was the last day of the term and a proud day for Sir Hiram's younger sister, for she carried off the first prize. Other children also received prizes, and then the teacher said: "I will now give a leather medal to the most stupid scholar in the school." "I looked about me," says Sir Hiram, "and I was quite certain it must be Kimm Casley, the double-thumbed boy. But no, the teacher selected Hiram Maxim. I went forward and was given the only medal I have ever received in my life for anything relating to education."

There are a hundred "successful" men for one that is contented.—Success Magazine.

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DELIGHTFUL—10 CENTS—EVERYWHERE  
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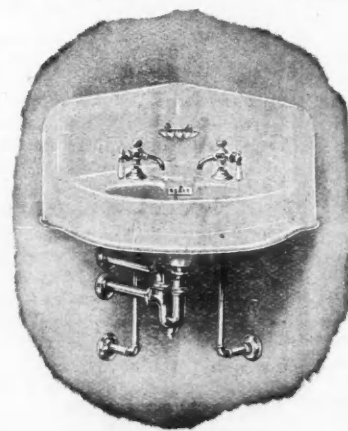
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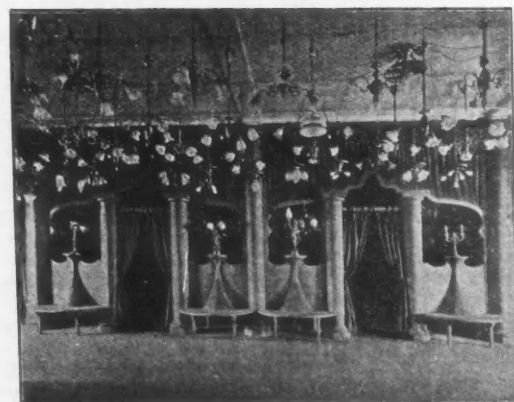
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MEDALS—35—AWARDS  
**SKIN FOOD SOAP**  
THE FAMOUS  
**BENZOL**  
Keeps the Face Young  
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If your druggist doesn't keep it, send 25c for  
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and fancy starch work carefully and promptly done by

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LXXII.



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Connaught Rangers. Graduate Royal Military College of Canada, 1889.

### Social and Personal

THE marriage of Miss Dora Kincaid Rowand and Mr. Arthur Sampson Jameson, of London, England, took place in St. James' Cathedral on Wednesday at half-past two o'clock, Rev. Canon Welch, the rector, officiating. The chancel was banked with immense palms, and huge bouquets of white mums, tied with broad ribbons were fastened here and there among the green. The choir, singing a bridal hymn, led the bride's procession, followed by the ushers, Mr. Arthur Wilson, Mr. Findley, of Montreal, Mr. Douglas Young, Mr. Norman Perry and Mr. Jameson, of Stanley Barracks. Mr. Reginald Geary was the sixth usher, but was not able to get to the cathedral in time to assist in their duties. Dr. Ham presided at the organ, and one of his choristers sang a bridal song while the bride party signed the register. The bride was brought in by Mr. D. W. Alexander, of Meadowbank, and was attended by two bridesmaids, Miss Aimee Falconbridge, as maid of honor, and Miss Adele Boulton. Two golden haired pink fairies, the wee daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra and Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, were flower girls, their tiny frocks and bonnets and bouquets in old fashioned holders being of a delicate pink. The bridesmaids wore pale blue, with large plumed hats, and the bride, who was as handsome as a picture, wore a trained robe of soft white satin, with deep and beautiful trimmings of Brussels point. Her long tulle veil was hemmed with pearls, and her dark hair crowned with orange blossoms. The bouquet was an exquisite shower of lily of the valley and ferns. As she came up the aisle, in a cloud of white, Miss Rowand was one of the handsomest brides ever seen in those venerable precincts. Mr. Jameson and his best man, Mr. Kelly Evans, awaited the pretty group at the chancel steps and the choral service proceeded before a large assembly of the smartest people in Toronto. The aunts of the bride, Mrs. D. W. Alexander, in a beautiful strawberry velvet robe and white plumed hat, and Miss Rowand, in deep blue velvet with small hat touched with blue and black, were the only relatives. After the ceremony a reception was held at Meadowbank, when an army of motors and carriages brimming with beautifully gowned women and their escorts invaded the sylvan retreat in Toronto's loveliest suburb. The dainty home, so well arranged and so artistic, was soon filled with congratulating guests, who found their way down a flight of steps, by a covered and carpeted way to the marquee on the lawn, where the flower-crowned tables were set for the wedding *dejeuner*. Fortunately the weather was all that could be desired, having turned warm and bright, the sun shining amiably on the bride and groom when they drove away. Mr. D. R. Wilkie proposed the health of the bride and groom, with some facetious remarks about the superior quality and success of the raid made by the Jameson of Wednesday, compared with the historic failure by another of his name in South Africa. Mr. Wilkie's tribute to his girl-friend, the bride, was heartfelt, and greeted with cheers of assent. The bridegroom made a very nice speech of thanks, and the company gave three cheers and sang a merry chorus, afterwards honoring the bridesmaids. Mrs. Jameson changed her bridal attire for a dark travelling costume and hat, with which she wore a most becoming set of white fox furs, and having tossed her fairy-like bouquet to her bridesmaids, forming as she did so a radiant picture on the stairs, fled, showered with confetti, to the carriage with her husband, and the pair drove away to begin their honeymoon at the Clifton, Niagara Falls. Mr. and Mrs. Jameson will return to Toronto before going to their home in England. A very beautiful collection of bridal gifts was arranged in one of the rooms at Meadowbank, and all the exquisite and artistic things were much admired. Cheques, a grand piano from Mr. and Mrs. John Alexander, many lovely presents for the personal use and adornment of the bride, from England, the States and Canada, were among them. Miss Curlette and the students from Westbourne school, who are desolated at losing Miss Rowand, were at her bridal, and some other guests were Lady Clark and the Misses Mortimer Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, of Bon Accord, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Paterson, Mrs. Coulson, Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Major and Mrs. Brock, Captain and Mrs. Burnham, Mrs. Cawthra, of Guiseley House, Mrs. Drayton, Mrs. Septimus Denison, Mrs. George Evans, Mrs. Clinch, Mrs. Geary, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Langmuir, Mr. Roy and Miss Yvonne Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mr. Alex. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Beatty, Mrs. Sweny, of Rohallion, Mr. and Mrs. Lissant Beardmore, Rey. J. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Dixon, Mrs. H. C. Osborne and Mrs. Clayton, of England, Mr. and Mrs. Polson, Miss and Mr. Boulbee, Mr. and Mrs. Strachan Johnston, Dr. and Mrs. Ham, Mr. and Mrs. George Ince, Mrs.

Mann, Mrs. G. P. Magann, Dr. and Mrs. Grasset, Dr. and Mrs. Riordan, Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones, Mr. Bremner, Miss Athol Boulton, Mrs. Falconbridge, Mrs. Arthur Anglin, Mrs. R. Cassels, Mrs. Frank Anglin, Mrs. Gwyn Francis, Captain and Mrs. Van Straubenzee, Mrs. MacMahon, Mr. G. A. Case, Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Dean, Mrs. H. S. Strathy, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. John Kay, Mrs. and Miss Helen Davidson, Mrs. Vincent Greene, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. Logan, Mr. and Mrs. Powis, Major and Miss Sophie Michie, the Misses Turner, Miss Long, Mr. Anderson.

Major and Mrs. Keefer were among those at Upper Canada College on Friday. They are settled in their new home in Upper St. George street for the winter.

Miss Frances Roberts will give a series of talks on the Topics of To-day, beginning next Tuesday at half-past eleven, when Mrs. H. S. Strathy has placed her drawing-room at the disposal of Miss Roberts for her lecture. On October 29 the same place will be the locale of the second lecture. On November 5 Mrs. Walter Beardmore will lend her drawing-room. On November 12 Mrs. MacMahon, and on November 19 Mrs. Nordheimer will be similarly generous, and Miss Roberts' hearers will be sure of an intellectual treat on each occasion.

Captain and Mrs. Walker are back from Cobourg. Mrs. Falcon, of Liverpool, is visiting Mrs. Parkyn Murray. Professor and Mrs. McGregor Young are in Mr. D. D. Mann's former residence in St. George street this winter. Mrs. Mulock is back from Toronto where she was visiting Mrs. Hayden Horsey. Mrs. Taylor, R. M. C., Kingston, was the guest of Mrs. Auden this week.

A pretty wedding took place on Wednesday week at half-past twelve at the home of Mrs. E. J. McIntyre, Walker avenue, when her daughter, Emma Rowe, was married to Mr. Robert Charles Hearn, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Hearn, Rev. Mr. Stephens, officiating. The bride wore a very beautiful gown of Japanese embroidery on ivory silk crepe over taffeta with trimmings of Carrick-Macross lace, lace veil and orange blossoms and a shower bouquet of lily of the valley. She was given away by her brother, Mr. Julius McIntyre, of Montreal. The maid of honor, Miss Mae McIntyre, sister of the bride, wore an Empire gown of Japanese embroidery silk crepe, over taffeta and carried pink chrysanthemums. The groomsmen were the groom's cousin, Mr. Hamilton, of Guelph, and the bride's usher was Mr. Robert Cooper. The wedding marches were played by the bride's sister, Mrs. W. James Young, of Denver, Col. Mrs. McIntyre received in a handsome gown of gray Japanese embroidery silk crepe, with trimmings of Carrick-Macross lace. After congratulations and *dejeuner* Mr. and Mrs. Hearn left for a short trip East, the bride going away in a suit of Copenhagen blue broadcloth and a smart velvet hat to match.

Mr. and Mrs. Delmar Cavendish have returned from their bridal trip, and are settled in their new home, 309 Avenue road. Mrs. Cavendish, nee Pearson, will hold her post-nuptial reception on Thursday and Friday, October 24 and 25.

Mrs. Arthur Rheinhart, of 370 Palmerston boulevard, will hold her post-nuptial reception next Friday, October 25, both afternoon and evening.

The marriage of Miss Harriet Leverich and Mr. Ralph Ernest Platt which was to have taken place last Wednesday in St. Margaret's, Westminster, was obliged to be postponed until October 30. This was good news for a couple of invited guests from Toronto, who happen to sail for England in time to tender good wishes to their friend, the bride.

Mrs. Walter S. Lee and Mrs. Charles Selwyn sail for England by the Minnetonka. They left Toronto yesterday.

Prize day at Upper Canada College was the occasion of a huge reunion of the friends of the college, fathers and mothers of the boys and two or three distinguished visitors interested in that seat of learning. A Toronto boy, Mr. P. W. Beatty, son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Beatty, is head of the college this year. Young Beatty has run a brilliant course and will no doubt make his mark in a larger sphere. His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor and Lady Clark attended by Major Macdonald, were the guests of honor. After the distribution of prizes and many congratulatory remarks on the prosperity of the college, Mrs. Auden's tea-guests found her in the library with a hearty welcome, and enjoyed an hour in the principal's apartments, where tea was served, and many prominent people hobnobbed pleasantly. The tea table was wreathed with brilliant autumn foliage, and a party of deft waitresses, among whom I saw Miss Jackson, who will be in Toronto this winter, did their best to see that no guest was overlooked.

Beside the crowd of smart people who overfilled the Scarboro cars on Saturday, bound for the gymkhana, were a number of persons interested in the opening of the new building at the Girls' Industrial School, East Toronto, who rode out at the same hour. The Lieutenant-Governor declared the building open, and Miss Mortimer Clark, who accompanied him, was the recipient of a handsome bouquet from the Board of Directors.

A little visitor in town who is being much petted and admired is Master Glenholme Hughes, of Montreal, who is with his grandparents, Chief Justice and Mrs. Falconbridge.

The most interesting guest of the week in town has been Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who left Medicine Hat on Monday for Toronto. Yesterday Mr. Kipling was announced as the speaker to the Canadian Club, the occasion coming too late for further particulars.

The marriage of Miss Henrietta Hamilton Moore and Mr. Richard Allport Baines takes place to-day in St. George's church at half-past two.

The stork paid a visit to 44 Elgin avenue this day fortnight, and left a fine little son and heir for Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Burnand.

Mr. and Mrs. John Alexander, of Bowmanville, have come to Toronto to reside, and have settled at 77 Chestnut Park road.

Mrs. and Miss Skill will spend the winter in Toronto.

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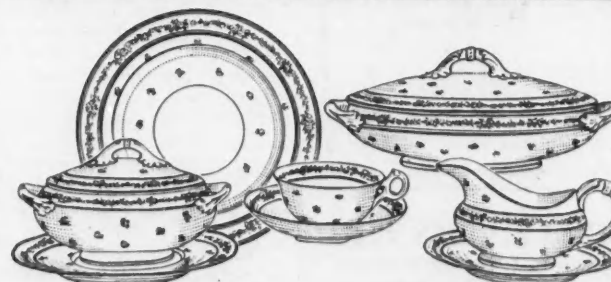
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## ANECDOTES OF KIPLING

RUDYARD KIPLING, who is Toronto's distinguished guest this week, is only forty-two years of age, though his fame as a writer was long since world-wide. It is interesting to note how he received his name, a truly odd one. His father, Mr. John Kipling, attending a picnic in his youth one day at Rudyard Lake, near the village of Rudyard, in Staffordshire, met a pretty English girl, Alice Macdonald. They loved and were wed, and sailed away to India; and when a son was born to them, in memory of the place of their first meeting, they named him Rudyard. At the age of thirteen Kipling was sent to college in England. Returning to India he became a journalist, and began his story-writing. Then he travelled in many lands, wrote a great deal, and sought out a publisher. The first recognition of his genius came in 1890 in the shape of a favorable review in the London Times. His career since then is well known.

Kipling anecdotes are not numerous. Those that follow are perhaps the best of those which his admirers have gathered:

A New York gentleman, who for a summer lived near Kipling in Vermont, tells this story:

"I was walking down the main street of Brattleboro one day, and saw Kipling coming towards me. He was dressed in a bicycle suit, and came swinging along at an easy gait. Just ahead of me was a little Chinese laundry, and the Chinaman was standing in the doorway. When Kipling reached him, he addressed the Chinaman in Chinese and began a rattling conversation with him in that language. The Chinaman gave a gasp of surprise, but answered him, and in a few minutes Kipling had him smiling from ear to ear, and both of them were jabbering away in Chinese. I understood afterward that every time Kipling came to town, he stopped for a chat with the Chinaman. The Celestial would never tell the wondering neighbors what Kipling talked about, and when asked only replied: 'Him welly fine man. Him welly great man.'"

Everywhere he goes his friends beseech him to write Mulvaney tales. Recently some one again questioned him on the reason of Mulvaney's silence, and he answered whimsically: "Terrance hasn't reported for duty in months. Drunk again, I suppose."

When in New York Mr. Kipling frequents the University Club. Being of a rather retiring sort, personally, it was a long time before he came to be well known to the majority of the club's habitués, and two of the members made his acquaintance one day in a rather odd way. The two friends went into the club restaurant, choosing a table next to one occupied by a quiet looking man who was devouring a chop and drinking a glass of ale all by himself. One of Kipling's books had just come out, and the friends fell to discussing it with vigor. Before long they were estimating all the Kipling writings in the frankest and most ingenious fashion. Being healthy-minded men and of good literary tastes, they both thought well of his productions on the whole, and said so plainly; yet they each had found a few flies in the amber, and they naturally talked about them. Some of the defects which they had noticed seemed to the speakers to be really serious, and one of them said somebody ought to draw Kipling's attention to them. At just about that time the stranger at the adjoining table faced about, got up from his seat, and walked over to the critics. "I hope you'll pardon me," he said, smiling, widely upon them, "but I have been obliged to listen to your conversation for quite a long while, and I've become so much interested in it that I'd like to join in. Besides my name happens to be Rudyard Kipling, and it isn't fair for me to sit still and listen without making myself known. But possibly I'll be able to explain some things to you, and I'm sure I shall derive a good deal of benefit from your talk."

And the three of them derived much benefit.

Mr. Kipling tells this story of his father: "Kipling, Sr., went to pay a visit to an Indian rajah, who was about to bring home a queen. The elder Kipling had been engaged in the decorations of the palace, and its

owner showed him the gifts of stuffs and perfumes he had procured for his coming spouse. The rajah also sent for his jewel caskets, and asked Mr. Kipling to assist him in selecting the gems to be included in the marriage gifts. They were of extraordinary size and value, such gems as are seldom seen except in the East, and to the artist the selection was a pleasure. Finally he lifted a wonderful diamond, one of the choicest gems in the collection, and said: "You should send this. No woman could resist it." The rajah looked up, caught it, and held it jealously to his breast. Then, slowly replacing it in the casket, answered: "Nay, such gems are not for women."

Mr. Kipling's phrasing is picturesque in the extreme. Meeting a friend once, after a long separation, he said: "Good heaven! How much water has flowed under the bridges since we two met?"

At the time he wrote "The Last Chanty," some one asked him how he pronounced it. "Well," he replied, "the really elegant and well-bred people pronounce it 'Chanty' but those who know what they are talking about call it 'Shanty.'" This remark is very characteristic of Mr. Kipling.

Mr. Kipling sold a book to a London publisher at a price that netted the author one shilling a word. The publication of this fact came under the notice of a Fleet Street humorist, who, "for the fun of the thing," wrote to the author, saying that, as wisdom seems to be quoted at retail prices, he himself would like one word, for which he enclosed a shilling postal-order. The reply came in due course. Mr. Kipling had kept the shilling order, and politely returned the one significant word "Thanks," written on a large sheet of writing paper.

Now, to spoil a Kipling-story. The fable, ere ruin came, ran thus: Once upon a time, the father, John Lockwood Kipling, and his son, then a boy, were on a voyage, and the voyage proved too much for the father. While he was sick in his cabin, an officer appeared and cried:

"Your son, Mr. Kipling, has climbed out on the foreyard, and if he lets go he'll be drowned; we cannot save him."

"Oh, is that all," replied Mr. Kipling, turning his back on the officer: "He won't let go."

A gentleman has been unkind enough to ask the elder Kipling whether this story was true. Mr. Kipling replied: "The only time that I made a voyage with Rudyard was when he was twelve years of age, and that only between Dover and Calais, going to the Paris Exhibition. I am never sick at sea, and on the steamer in which we crossed I do not suppose there was a bowsprit or whatever they call it. I'm very sorry to spoil the little story, but it never happened."

An American who was in company with Mr. Kipling in a ramble about London tells this story:

"One afternoon we went together to the zoo, and, while strolling about, our ears were assailed by the most melancholy sound I have ever heard—a complaining, fretting, lamenting sound, proceeding from the elephant house."

"What's the matter in there?" asked Mr. Kipling of the keeper. "A sick elephant, sir; he cries all the time; we don't know what to do with him," was the answer.

"Mr. Kipling hurried away from me in the direction of the lament, which was growing louder and more painful. I followed, and saw him go close up to the cage, where stood an elephant with sadly drooped ears and trunk. He was crying actual tears at the same time that he mourned his lot most audibly. In another moment Mr. Kipling was right up at the bars, and I heard him speak to the sick beast in language that may have been elephantese, but certainly was not English. Instantly the whining stopped, the ears were lifted, the monster turned his sleepy, little, suffering eyes upon his visitor and put out his trunk. Mr. Kipling began to caress it, still speaking in the same soothing tone, and in words unintelligible to me at least.

"After a few minutes the beast began to answer in a much lower tone

of voice, and evidently recounted his woes. Possibly elephants, when 'enjoying poor health,' like to confide their symptoms to sympathizing listeners as much as do some human invalids. Certain it was that Mr. Kipling and that elephant carried on a conversation, with the result that the elephant found his spirits much cheered and improved. The whine went out of his voice, he forgot that he was much to be pitied, he began to exchange experiences with his friend and he was quite unconscious, as was Mr. Kipling, of the amused and interested crowd collecting about the cage. At last, with a start, Mr. Kipling found himself and his elephant the observed of all observers, and beat a hasty retreat, leaving behind him a very different creature from the one he had found.

"Doesn't that beat everything you ever saw?" ejaculated a compatriot of mine, as the elephant trumpeted a loud and cheerful good-bye to the back of his vanishing suitor; and I agreed with him that it did.

"What language were you talking to that elephant?" I asked when I overtook my friend. "Language? What do you mean?" he answered with a laugh.

"Are you a Mowgli?" I persisted; "and can you talk to those beasts in their own tongues?" but he only smiled in reply."

### "The Limit."

(The doctors are about to raise their fees.—Necessity item)

HE loved her very dearly, for two whole years or more; His attentions were remarkable, and so

The neighbors and relations, held frequent consultations, How far this man intended for to go.

He called most every evening, and stayed till really late.

On Sundays to the church devotedly They always went together, no matter what the weather,

All of which was food for gossip, don't you see.

He had a fair position, and a decent salary,

His ambition was to buy his love a ring,

To win, and some day marry, his own beloved Carrie,

Would make him just as happy as a king.

But when he read the papers, and noted with a sigh,

That things were all so very, very dear,

That merely bread and butter, were extravagances utter,

He simply had to pass the pleasure by.

His heart felt very sadly when he read the daily news,

Necessities were going up sky high, The milkman and the baker, the mournful undertaker,

Had made it hard to live—and worse to die.

That rents were quite appalling, and houses hard to find,

And cost of coal distinctly gave him chills,

But he struck the blessed limit, when he found the doctors in it,

To raise the price of families—and pills!

Brantford. W. H. Webbing.

A surgeon was conducting his students through a hospital, remarking on the various cases under treatment. They arrived at a bed on which a patient lay, and the professor stopped.

"From the nature of the illness the patient is suffering from," he said,

"I can, by using my powers of deduction, tell you his occupation. You are a musician, are you not?"

He added, turning to the patient.

"Yes, sir," replied the sufferer.

"And you play a wind instrument, I can see."

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Just as I gathered from the symptoms! That pernicious blowing does more injury to the lungs than—"

"Begging your pardon, sir," interrupted the patient, with effort, "I plays a concertina!"—Exchange.

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ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 20, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at an Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

(4) The term "vicinity" is the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowance crossed in the measurement.

(5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

Six months' notice in writing must be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of intention to apply for patent.

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Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.  
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# SPORTING COMMENT

"Good-bye, Jim,  
Take keer yerself."

IF any one had prophesied a year ago that within a twelvemonth the C. A. A. U. and the Argonauts would meet as strangers, he would have been treated as a rare jester, or indulged as the possessor of an unruly imagination that would not be curbed. Of all people the Argonauts were looked upon as the original and only stiff-necked sticklers for a stringent amateur definition. Times without number had they stood out against even the most distant connection with the athletic mercenary, and from the very foundation of the club their record in this respect has been unique. Their uncompromising attitude toward professionalism in any form, has, in days gone by, been a considerable source of strength to the governing body, but that seems to have had no weight in the present crisis, and the old-time cronies have parted with high looks and biting words.

It is scant comfort under the circumstances, to be told that the oarsmen disqualified themselves, and that the C. A. A. U. had nothing to do but announce the baleful tidings. This is quite true, and the Argonauts may have felt the edge of the axe when they went on the field at Montreal but the trouble with these automatic machines is that they occasionally get ahead of the job, and lop off a good deal more trouble than can be conveniently attended to.

The upshot of the whole business is that the Inter-Provincial Union, which at first was very wobbly in the knees, is now an assured fact, and will probably control senior football, aside from Inter-Collegiate, for a long time to come. As the four clubs concerned are apparently dissatisfied with the amateur definition of the C. A. A. U., the only thing to do is to adopt weights and measures of their own and live up to them. A hit-or-miss policy on this point will merely court disaster, as there are sundry parties who have not been deaf to the call of the greenback in the past, who are standing around in the background, waiting for the turn of events to give them an opening.

In the meantime, all the teams that have played against the man under the C. A. A. U. ban, or have played against other teams who have played against the aforesaid (sounds like a writ, doesn't it?), have become, what for want of a better word, we will call "technical professionals." The microbe of this disease is extremely active, and when once introduced into the body athletic, spreads with frightful rapidity by means of an endless chain of inoculation. Every man Jack of the four teams is now outside the pale, and if at any future date any one of them should desire to compete in any sport under the jurisdiction of the C. A. A. U., they will, severally and individually have to go down on their marrow-bones before the Registration Committee, and show cause why they should not permanently reside in the outer darkness, which is popularly supposed to include Montreal and Ottawa.

No one supposes, for a minute, that the C. A. A. U. will back down. The time for calm and judicial consideration is past; the hectic character of the correspondence precludes any possibility of compromise. The Union's back is up, and the players apparently do not care a brass bawbee for the C. A. A. U. and all its works—which are not a few.

And the end is not yet. The frenzied rattle of the typewriter is heard in the land, and lovers of the sulphurous in literature will have a few more opportunities to sample their favorite dish.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON, known of old to the American press as Tommy, probably because he didn't beat their boat on sundry occasions, has been rapped quite smartly over the knuckles for the suggestions he embodied in his latest challenge. He intimated mildly that the defenders he has contended with, so far, were the least bit on the freakish side, in fact, were pared here and skimped there, till a challenger that crossed the briny on her own bottom had no show to speak of. He asked for a revision of the deed of gift, so as to permit a more wholesome type all round. It was right there that the big-wigs of the New York Yacht Club arose from their easy chairs and administered the raps aforesaid. They said that they had done all that could be expected in the past when they reduced the course from forty miles to

thirty at his suggestion. They also intimated that the deed of gift was a sacred trust from the donor, and to interfere with the conditions therein stipulated would be a direct violation of their obligations.

Sir Thomas was not very much abashed. He probably knew what to expect, and went back, to study the immortal problems of tea and jam.

But he was not to get off so easily as that. Sundry writers, taking their cue from the N. Y. Y. C., have been quite sharp with him, and voiced their belief that he wasn't the real article at all, but only a "near" sport. This ought not to rankle in the baronet's Hibernian bosom very long, but have a care, Sir Thomas, have a care, or they may not call you Tommy any more.

T. U. MAXON and J. Dudley Dow, sportsmen, of Pokio, York County, have just returned to Fredericton, N. B., from a hunting trip on the head waters of Little Pokio, where they had the rare fortune to secure a white moose. The moose shot was only a fair-sized one, his antlers measuring about 46 inches. It was reported by a party of local sportsmen that they had seen either the same one or another white moose last year about this time, probably the same one, as a white moose is a pretty rare thing.

JUDGING from the noise that Alfred Shrubbs is making at present he evidently agrees with the London Spectator that it is the quiet Englishman that is unpopular in Canada. Shrubbs knows perfectly well that there is no more chance of Longboat turning professional to meet him than there is of his own re-statement to the amateur ranks, still he persists in challenging the redskin, and announcing to everyone that cares to listen that Tom is afraid of him. No doubt this causes much joy and hilarity among some of his fellow countrymen, but someone with his interests at heart should put him wise to the fact that his noises grow monotonous.

Longboat is at present the world's best Marathon runner. According to Billy Sherring, who trimmed the world's best representatives at Athens, the Onondagan is the greatest runner at this distance that has been, and would it not be sheer folly for this boy, with the brightest of athletic futures before him, to spoil his chances for world's honors just to please Shrubbs and a few other noisy persons? Why should Longboat make of himself as lonesome a figure as Shrubbs is in the professional field?

And, by the way, how would it be as a chance from dictating challenges, for Shrubbs to give an exhibition of road running around Hamilton Bay, introducing a few of his famous sprints between Valley Inn and the High Level bridge? It certainly would also give him an idea of what the Canadian boys have in the line of endurance when they cover this course.

AND out of the West comes another wail against Longboat. A runner named Burns, of Calgary, pretends to be real angry because Tom failed to go West with the Tecumseh and give him a race; and following Shrubbs's line of talk, he says the Indian is afraid to meet him. Someone sure should wake him up, for he is certainly speaking out of his turn. One of his latest stunts was the running of 15 miles in 1.28.54 and the western newspapers are calling attention to the fact that this is within 7 minutes of the world's record made by J. Howlett in 1852. Perhaps it is cruel to disturb such a dream, but the westerners must be relying upon the memory of the oldest inhabitant for their athletic statistics, as that record has been lowered as late as 1902, by an amateur, and now stands at 1.20.04. This puts Mr. Burns over eight minutes to the bad, and he will have to do some better than that before he can be recognized as a sure enough runner in the East, where a man 8 minutes behind the record is just about finishing when the crowd is wending its way homewards.

WHILE upwards of 15,000 people cheered themselves hoarse in his honor, Tom Longboat, accompanied by his ever present smile, loped around the Exhibition track at the finish of the Ward Marathon last Saturday, over half a mile ahead of

Harry Lawson, who had the honor of finishing second to this greatest of the world's distance runners. Nearly six minutes later Tait, of the West End, entered the gate, followed by Wood, of Brantford, 40 seconds later. Goldsboro, who has given the Indian two of his hardest races, did not run to his usual form on Saturday, and had to be satisfied with fifth place. Hilton Green, the Mohawk, got the sixth prize, by uncovering a burst of speed in the stretch and beating off Jack Near, of the Centrals. Pat Keilty, of the Toronto Police Force, the oldest man in the race, finished eighth and was roundly cheered for his good showing. Of the 93 starters 65 finished, which says a whole lot for the grit and determination shown by some of the boys, who will no doubt show up better next year.

There has been quite a discussion since the race as to whether the course is the full twenty miles, as Longboat's time, 1.41.40, is ten minutes and 14 seconds below the world's record for that distance, but even if it is a mile short, the Indian's time is considerably better than any previous performance. To settle all disputes the trustees of the race are going to have the course carefully re-measured.

CHIN golf is the rage in New York just now. It is played with a razor and a lather brush and the game is to keep count of the strokes you make in shaving yourself in the morning, each day trying to lower your record. A golfer began it and sent an account to the Sun of the number of strokes in which he went "out" and "in." Once over the course was "out" and "in" refers to those retouches that are necessary before the job can be regarded as complete. Golfers took up the joke and some very humorous letters have resulted. One player writes: "To my mind a score of more than 100 is poor shaving and ought not to qualify in anything better than the duffer class. Either that or else my face is easy, for I went over it to-day in eighty-eight. I counted only eighty-six, but my wife, who was caddy for me, said I ought to add two more for a fizzle in front of each ear. As far as natural legends go, my face is not what you would call sporty, but I consider eighty-eight fair shaving for it."

Another golfer writes: "I tried for a record to-day and went around the course in thirty-four—a truly remarkable score for an amateur. However, when I was comfortably seated in the club house piazza I was reminded that I had neglected to play a short hole that lies just after the fifth, which I forthwith proceeded to negotiate in six, making my grand total forty. Is there any penalty in strokes for my carelessness, or do I have to suffer complete disqualification for the round?"

"Will this qualify me in the Chin Golf Tournament?" enquires another. "Out 104, in 86; total 190. My course is but a nine hole one, so I am compelled to go twice around to complete the eighteen. I find the in holes much easier than the out holes. For the benefit of other contestants I might suggest that an effectual cure for a pull with the driver is to reface the club by rubbing it a few times over a horsehide strap. I have so far found no remedy for a bad slice, to which I am subject occasionally. I simply replace the divot and proceed with the round."

One writer begs that the tournament be called off, "I arise each morning," he complains, "obsessed by the one idea, the craze to shave in fewer strokes that it took the day before. Nor has this madness come to me alone. The lacerated visages of my friends tell me it is epidemic. Our quiet homes have become scenes of carnage; our shaving mirrors reflect the shambles. Manhattan drips with blood; the spectre of mutilation stalks abroad; septicemia ravages the land. Our simple and necessary diurnal toilet operations have been turned into druidic sacrifices."

THE following was told at a smoker recently, and it is not so bad either. The narrator told of another little feed he once attended, where eight men were sent home in one hack; and the driver simply rang the door-bell and when a feminine voice called from an upper window, "Who is there?" the Jehu replied, "Missus, will you be so kind as to come down and pick out your baby?"



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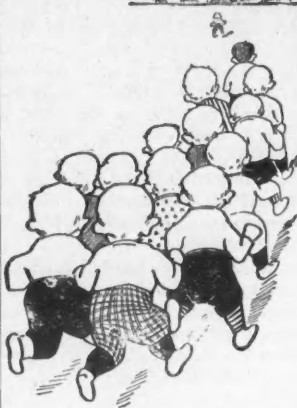
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## INTERPLANETARY LOVE

By ENRIQUE LABARTA

Far away in the mysterious depths of space, not far from the Polar Star and on the right hand as you ascend, there revolves about the sun a modest planet on which life is subject to the same conditions as on the one that we sometimes complain of having to inhabit. Man is mortal there, as here, and is born but to die, but he has reached a much more advanced stage of progress for the simple reason that his planet is older than ours. Children are born there with the degree of Bachelor of Arts and many of them become Doctors in Science before they have laid aside their childish toys.

The thoughtful ones of that far-away world have succeeded in wrestling from nature all her secrets, so that now nothing remains concealed from them. They have, moreover, the sense of sight so wonderfully developed, that, without any extraordinary effort, simply by partially closing the eyes, they can distinguish a horse from a cow on the nearest planet, a matter of sixteen million leagues away. This being the case I need not tell you how far they can see with their most powerful telescopes.

For this reason they have mastered more thoroughly than any other people the science of astronomy.

The life, character and behavior of the surrounding planets within a radius of a thousand million leagues is for them an open book; but, since there is an infinite number of worlds and stars revolving in space, they have not yet had time to examine them all in detail.

At the historical moment in which this most truthful story begins, in one of the best astronomical observatories of that distant world, was an eminent scientist, a young man about twenty years of age and of fine appearance, whose favorite diversion was to travel amongst the stars by means of an enormous telescope. While ranging about idly through stars and planets, suddenly he became all attention and brought his instrument to a standstill. He had just discovered, many thousand millions of leagues away, a small planet very much like his own—the same seas, the same continents and the same contents.

It was the earth. After letting his glance wander over the five divisions of our globe, from the head to the tail, or rather from the North Pole to the South, he focused the telescope upon the main promenade of a small Spanish city.

It was Sunday in our planet and at that moment many of the townspeople were walking up and down the promenade, enjoying the fresh air and listening to the music furnished by the municipal band.

It was a curious sight for the young astronomer to see these people, extravagantly dressed, walking up and down between the two rows of shade-trees, turning about and retreating their steps as soon as they reached either end of the promenade. Contemplating for the first time unknown but kindred human beings, whose images, silent as spectres, came to the retina of his eye through the solitude of infinite space from a planet separated from his own by thousands of millions of leagues, he was deeply moved. Thanks to the lenses of his telescope, he had often visited many other worlds, but since they were inhabited by beings quite unlike those of his own planet, none of them interested him so much as the one he had just discovered.

Suddenly his eye fell upon the extraordinary beauty of a young girl seated on one of the chairs at the side of the promenade and his heart swelled with rapture. Tall, graceful, of irreproachable figure, that magnificent brunette was no sooner seen than loved. Through the intervening nine thousand billion leagues or so the winged arrow of love came flying and lodged itself in the susceptible heart of the young astronomer. He fell hopelessly in love with that beautiful young girl of this planet so far removed from his own.

Fascinated, he kept his gaze on her all that afternoon, accompanied her to her home and, spicing upon her with his telescope, waited in vain for her to come again into the street or appear at a window; until at last, the Earth in its revolving motion concealing the hemisphere in which she lived, he had to give up hope of seeing her again until the morrow.

From that day on our young scientist lost all repose and sleep, and, leaving his friends and relatives, transferred his lodgings to the observatory.

Every night, nervous and trembling with excitement, he kept gazing through his telescope, waiting for his

adored one to appear at the balcony or go out to the public promenade. After three days of constant observation he discovered to his sorrow that his distant idol had another and more fortunate lover, who haunted the street in which she lived and by means of signs from a porch opposite was apparently coming to an understanding with her.

Furious jealousy added fuel to the flame of his love. He was at first tempted to hurl his telescope at the head of his favored rival, but second thoughts showed him the futility of this. A somewhat complicated mathematical calculation convinced him that even though he should take true aim at his rival's head and hurled the telescope with the whole strength of his soul, it would take one million seven hundred and twenty-one thousand six hundred and thirty-one years for it to reach its destination! At the end of that time neither the girl nor her lover would be living and perhaps even the planet they dwelt on would be no more.

Sad and desperate, our young scientist spent his time near his telescope and whenever the revolving motion of the Earth permitted him to do so, gazed incessantly at the house of that beautiful woman, who, nine thousand billion leagues away, was receiving the attentions of his favored rival. Had she been aware of the impossible love that inspired in the unknown inhabitant of another planet perhaps from time to time she would have sent a glance of pity towards the distant stars.

The friends and colleagues of the astronomer wondered much at his sudden change of character. Instead of the lively and light-hearted young man they formerly knew he had become diffident and taciturn. They wanted to find out the cause of it, but it was useless for them to question him about the mysterious trouble that was gradually consuming his life.

At last, unable to endure any longer in silence the hidden grief that was gnawing at his heart, he decided to tell his secret to another astronomer, his most intimate friend, for sorrows shared with another, if they are not healed, are at least rendered more endurable.

His friend listened to his story in open-mouthed wonder and, as soon as he had heard the end of it, exclaimed:

"That is a strange case, upon my word!"

"Strange, indeed!" answered the enamored one, brushing away his tears.

"If you love her so much, why do you not send her a formal declaration of love accompanied by your photograph?"

"But how?"

"In a ray of light, of course."

"I have already thought of that, but it is impossible. I am very much afraid they are not acquainted with that means of communication on the Earth, and even though they were, to reach its destination, my telegram of love would require some fifty years."

"You are right. How slow light is compared to thought! The best it can do is three hundred thousand kilometers a second. This being the case, then, you can do nothing by letter. Besides, it is much better to handle such matters personally."

"But how can I manage to go in person? Even were I to undertake the journey in a vehicle that travelled at the uncommon speed of six thousand kilometers a minute, it would take me one hundred and fifty thousand years to reach her planet. I need not say that I should be dead of old age at the first stage of the journey. This is terrible!"

"Ah!" suddenly exclaimed the other astronomer, slapping his forehead. "What fools we are not to have thought of it sooner! Why, you stupid fellow, you are in love with a phantom! That woman does not exist!"

"Does not exist?"

"At least, if she does, she is already an old woman and not worth while thinking about."

"In heaven's name, explain yourself, man! My brain is in such a whirl that I don't understand you."

"Well, then, given the great distance that lies between our planet and hers, light, at the rate of three hundred kilometers a second, takes exactly fifty years to come from there to us. That is, therefore, the time required for you to receive upon the retina of your eye the image of your beloved one; so that, at the present moment, you see her as she was half a century ago. How old do you take her to be?"

"Twenty years, or thereabouts."

"Well, then, she is now, if she is still living, seventy years old. You are in love with a toothless old wo-

man, or else with a corpse, for she may already have died."

"Heaven have pity on me! You are right; I hadn't thought of that." "Suppose that you could transport yourself to that planet in an instant, with the rapidity of thought. It would still avail you nothing. Instead of the young woman you adore, you would find nothing but a mere phantom, living or dead."

With livid countenance and bewildered brain the poor young astronomer listened to the rational and scientific explanation of his colleague. Then the blood rushed violently to his head and he fell to the ground like one struck by lightning. His friend approached and touched him; he was cold. He put his hand to his heart; it was not beating. Life was already extinct.

Poor astronomer! Science, showing him prosaic reality in all its nakedness, had deprived him of life. For many months he had endured the keen torment of a hopeless love; but he could not survive for a single instant of the crumbling and disintegration of his ideal.

If there is any sceptical reader who doubts the veracity of this story there is still time for him to verify it; for he still has fifty years ahead of him in which to invent an apparatus by which he may be able to see the planet in which this little drama took place and this planet is to be found, as I said in the beginning, not far from the Polar Star, on the right hand as you ascend.

Yes, within half a century you can witness his tragic death, within half a century, I say, the time required by light to bring to us his pale image. In the meantime, suspend judgment, and, provisionally at least, believe what I have told you.—Translated from the Spanish by G. W. Umphrey.

### Wanderlied.

O west of all the westward roads  
That woo ye to their winding,  
O south of all the southward  
Ways that call ye to the sea;  
There's a little lonely garden  
That would pay ye for the finding  
With a fairy ring within it  
And an old thorn tree.

O there upon the brink of morn  
The thrushes would be calling,  
And the little liltling linnets, sure  
They'd wake me from the dead.  
With the lime trees all in blossom  
And the soft leaf shadows falling,  
O there I'd have a place at  
At least to lay my head.

O would I had a swallow's wings,  
For then I'd fly and find it;  
O would I had a swallow's heart,  
For then I'd love to roam,  
With an orchard on the hillside,  
And an old, old man to mind it;  
It's there I'd lift my lodge at  
Last, and make my home.

O there I'd see the tide come in  
Along the whispering reaches;  
O there I'd lie and watch the  
Sails go shining to the west;  
And where the firwood follows on  
The wide unswerving beaches,  
O there I'd lay me down at last  
And take my rest.  
—Marjorie Pickthall in American Magazine.

From time immemorial there has been a law in Applegate, county Warwick, England, to the effect that the mayor had the best of everything in town, and, for instance, one should say he had the best coat in the place he must add the words, "Except the mayor."

One day a stranger came to Applegate and had dinner there at the inn. After paying his bill he said to the landlord, "I've had the best dinner in the country."

The Landlord—Except the mayor.

The Stranger—Except nothing.

As a result the tourist was called before the magistrate and fined ten pounds for his breaking of the laws of the place. When the man had paid his fine he looked around him and said, slowly, "I'm the biggest fool in town, except the mayor."—Harper's Weekly.

King Edward has always gone to race meetings heretofore in the great royal carriage with outriders and postillions, but at the last Goodwood meet he arrived at the course in an unobtrusive motor, with nothing royal about it but the tiny coat of arms on the panels and the tell-tale absence of a number. The sensation of the meeting was provided by Lord Lonsdale, with his two bright canary-colored sociables, postillions and grooms in yellow liveries and white beaver hats with yellow cockades.

"Yes," said the Summer Girl, "it's all off. I sent everything back to him yesterday." "Not the ring?" asked her friend. "No, he said I could keep that if I'd send him the hammock I caught him in."—Yonkers Statesman.

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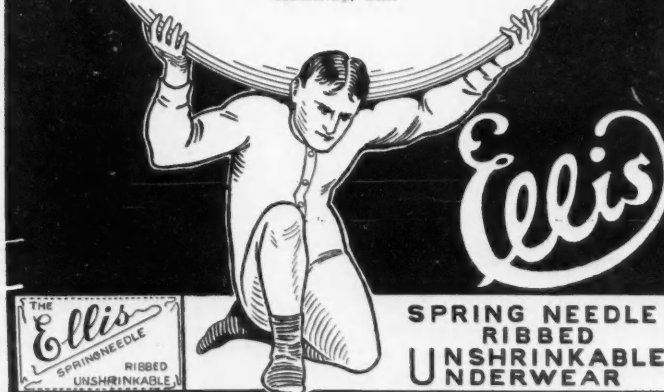
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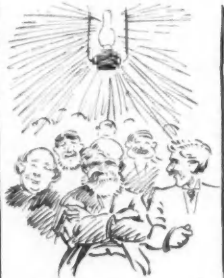
## !?! POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE ?!?

### The Wiles of a Stump Speaker.

LAST week a story was told on this page of Judge McCallum of Manitoulin, in the days when he was known as Archie McCallum, and cut quite a figure as a Liberal campaign speaker. Another little story of him may be worth the telling.

One night he was speaking in the little village of Underwood and deemed it good policy to get on the right side of his audience. The story goes that he tackled the task in characteristic fashion.

"I have just returned," he said, in opening his speech, "from a trip to the far eastern part of the province, where I was addressing the electors on the great questions of the day. At a meeting down there they asked me where I came from and I told them from the county of Bruce—from Paisley. But they had never heard of Paisley. So I told them that Paisley was twelve miles from Walkerton, the county town of Bruce. But they had never heard of Walkerton, either. Then they said to me, 'You came from a place called Paisley—how far is that from Underwood?'"



### What the Premier Sought in the Pawn Shop.

WHEN Sir Wilfrid Laurier was in Toronto a fortnight ago he was seen one morning in that part of Queen street where the second-hand stores exhibit the endless variety of their contents. The Prime Minister was out for a morning stroll and like many another person found it most interesting to gaze into the windows of the pawn shops and second-hand stores. But somebody saw him and the evening papers told of the way he had loitered in that locality.

Mr. Bergeron, who is with Mr. R. L. Borden on a political tour of the West, saw an item about Sir Wilfrid's morning walk in Toronto and turned it to account in his speech at Edmonton. Mr. Bergeron was talking about the famous Liberal platform, drawn up in the convention held at Ottawa in 1893, but entirely lost sight of since the party attained office.

"The whole platform," he declared, "has been relegated to somewhere—I don't know where. A few days ago Sir Wilfrid was seen gazing intently into a pawn shop in Toronto and some men saw him. 'Why,' said one, 'that is Sir Wilfrid! What can he be looking for?' The mystery was solved when some one replied: 'He is looking for the missing Liberal platform.'"

### The Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario.

THE average citizen of Ontario knows very little, personally, about Sir William Mortimer Clark, Lieutenant-Governor of the province, but if he were asked his opinion of the Governor he would no doubt make the answer: "I believe he is a pretty fine, solid, old-fashioned gentleman." That is the impression received of Sir William wherever you see him. Seated as a patron in a theatre box or on a platform, or anywhere in public, one conjures up behind him, as an appropriate setting for his benign countenance, one of those old-fashioned frames familiar in certain rooms known of our childhood—one of those plain ovals of good, solid walnut or mahogany which framed the pictures of grandfathers and grand-uncles, good, substantial men of a past generation.

Almost any day, at about one o'clock, Sir William may be seen walking along King street on his way to Government House, after his morning constitutional—for the Governor is a pedestrian by hobby—and he still

looks, among the hurrying throng, as if he had just walked out of his oval frame.

But a man cannot impress people as being benign by merely looking as though he were; and a little conversation overheard on a street car one day this week goes to show that the average man, though knowing little of the Lieutenant-Governor, has gauged him pretty accurately. The car was approaching Simcoe street just as Sir William turned the corner toward his gate after his morning stroll. Two girls in the car noted his familiar figure, and one of them said: "There goes the Governor. He's a perfect gentleman, I tell you. I know a girl who was in his law office for a long time before he was Governor. She says he was as kind to her as a father. He was a great traveller, and wherever he went—to Europe or Jerusalem, or any place else—he always brought her and the others a little present. Oh, he's a perfect gentleman all right."

### Penniless with a Fortune in His Pocket.

PROBABLY all travellers, at one time or another, have had the annoying experience of running short of money, but it is doubly annoying to have a bona fide cheque or draft on your person and no opportunity to get a few shakels of actual coin of the realm. Nearly every commercial traveller, at least, has faced this situation.

It not often happens, however, that a man arrives in Toronto with a five figure government cheque in his pocket and not enough spare change to buy a breakfast. Yet that was the predicament in which George Sweet, general manager of the Sanford Clothing Co., of Hamilton, found himself one fine morning after alighting from a train at the Union Station. He had been down to Ottawa and collected a cheque for \$75,000 from the Militia Department for supplying tunics and other articles of military dress for Tommy Atkins. He stuffed the valuable paper in his pocket and boarded a Pullman. When his train was pulling into Toronto he fished out a donation for Porter Sammy and it was not until after he had satisfied the itching palm that he discovered he was penniless. In relating the story to some friends he said he did not have enough for car fare and had to make a "touch" on the Toronto branch to get his breakfast; as he did not relish the idea of fasting until after the banks opened.



### Where Did They Get the Samples?

MR. FRANK CARREL, editor and proprietor of the Quebec Daily Telegraph, the leading English newspaper of the ancient citadel city, is one of the most widely travelled men of his profession in the Dominion. To meet him at the Chateau Frontenac, or in one of the narrow, tortuous streets of Quebec, where the Ontario man feels as though he had been dropped into some quaint city of the old world, one would take him for a young English tourist, and never for a citizen of the place. Mr. Carrel must have a strong attachment for the picturesque city of castles and ancient tombs and gateways, for travel seems only to make his work and his residence there the more attractive to him. Not long ago, while touring Europe, he received a cablegram telling him that the office and plant of his newspaper had been utterly destroyed by fire. Hurrying home, he put his business on its feet again with such celerity as even the most hustling Westerner might find cause to boast of. He built a fine new office, and now his paper is better than ever. Mr. Carrel is not a rollicking good fellow, but newspaper men from other Canadian cities who hunt him up in Quebec will find him a sterling good fellow. He can tell a story too, and he has many interesting travel incidents to relate.

One day not long ago Mr. Carrel, while walking through the principal street of the very old and interesting town of Chichester, in the south of England, on his way to the cathedral, stopped in front of a window filled with apples.

"It was," says Mr. Carrel, "the finest display of apples that I had yet seen in Great Britain, or, for that matter, in any country. I was so surprised, as apples are not too plentiful in England, that I stood for a few minutes looking them over, as there must have been thirty or forty varieties on exhibition."

A young woman appeared at the door, and I ventured to remark: 'I suppose these apples all come from America—from Canada?'

"No," she replied, 'we grow them here?'

"Well," I continued, 'I never thought England could produce such a fine healthy looking variety of apples. I wonder why she wants to import such fruit when she can cultivate such a crop at home? And then I asked: 'How much do you sell them for per dozen?'

"Oh, we don't sell them," the girl answered.

"You don't sell them!" I said, in much astonishment.

"No," said she, 'we only sell the trees, and they are samples of what they grow.' Which was the explanation of the fact that I was standing in front of a nursery and not a fruit store."

### One way of Reporting a Tragedy.

ON the list of rural correspondents of a western Ontario daily newspaper there was some half-a-dozen years ago an elderly man who was quite a character in his way. In the early days of the province, before there was any education department to set a strict standard for school teachers' qualifications, the old man had been an instructor of youth, though from his writings it would appear that his only ground of fitness for such a task was a fondness for redundant polysyllables, which he used profusely and mostly with little regard for their applicability. That the result was often ludicrous in the extreme may be gathered from the subjoined specimen of his correspondence, which is given exactly as it came to the editor's desk, save that fictitious names have been substituted for the real places and personages concerned. It is needless to state that his contributions were always completely rewritten and much condensed before finding a place in the news columns. The aged dominie wrote:

"The cosmopolitan village of Billville, comprising a Methodist church, school house, town hall, two general stores, cheese factory, pump manufacture, and blacksmith shop, together with a number of charming domiciles which adorn the village, was all agog on Tuesday morning, occasioned by a tragedy being perpetrated, the victim of the disaster being Mr. John Jones, the proprietor of 100 acres of land, situated about a mile from the foregoing village, who was characterized for thrift. Mr. Jones left a comfortable home on Tuesday morning, ostensibly for the

cheese factory at Billville, with a consignment of milk. After depositing his cargo of the lactical fluid he called at the general store of Mr. James Brown and purchased a package of Paris green. After reading the inscription minutely he quit the store and resumed his journey homeward. Having turned west from the middle road, one concession south of Billville, and having procured a small pail, he interrogated Mrs. Black for some warm water to mix the decoction with, to render it more palatable. He took a huge draught, sufficient to depose a horse, it is alleged, and was intercepted at the time by his brother, Peter Jones, while en route to the same factory with his milk. Peter remonstrated with the victim for being a partaker of such a tragedy. Subsequently Mr. Jones was conveyed to his home, when Mr. White was detailed for Dr. Grav, who administered the stomach pump and sweet milk. Mr. Jones is in the throes of death ever since. His condition is most critical. The victim of the disaster was united in marriage to Miss Green, an estimable person who had taught school for a considerable period, and as a result of the union one child about six months of age adorns the household."

### Harold Begbie gives Canada Some Pouches.

THOSE who have had the task of extending toward and perhaps overdoing with hospitality the hundred or more British journalists who have visited Canada in the past two years have frequently had misgivings as to the value to Canada of these excursions. There seemed to be a lurking grievance discernible to the sensitive temperament, because Canada was not like England, or at least did not conform to their pre-conceived ideas of it. A typical instance of this has just come to light. One of the visitors this summer as the guest of the C. F. R., was Mr. Harold Begbie of the London Daily Chronicle. Mr. Begbie was entertained in a lavish way. He had already some reputation as a writer of popular and extravagant fiction and on going back to London he has proceeded to justify that reputation. He has written for the London Chronicle various articles, among them one chiefly concerned with what Mr. Begbie said to Canadians. What Canada really is he seems to have made few attempts to realize. The straw man he sets up to punch at is a supposed Canadian of "the middle west." He does not like the middle west because it seems too much like "America." The cities are laid out on American lines, so are the newspapers, so are the young men. And by the way Mr. Begbie himself constantly uses that vilest of Americanisms "Conuck." In "the middle west" spittoons are like the sands of the sea, he declares.

The young men he met annoyed him by saying that Keir Hardie was a dandy sneaker. It does not appear that the young man said anything offensive about England and, so he proceeded to lay him out in a long speech. In the course of it he uttered these brilliant aphorisms:

"I am not a fighting man, and I carry no more dangerous weapon than an ivory nail cleaner 'ex ungue leonem'—let me recommend the invention for importation."

"Further, I should like to tell you that without my country, the 'Old Country,' as you obligingly call it, your country could not exist for three agitations of a gopher's tail; and, further, that if you were to cut the painter tomorrow it would not interrupt a single cricket match in England or cool a single bowl of porridge on the western slopes of our Scottish Highlands."

"Be so good as to chew gum, spitting as little as is possible to your convenience, until I have finished this exordium."

"Whenever you hear the name of Great Britain, if you cannot go so far as to take off your hat, at least refrain from—"

The spittoon, I observe, is prolific in your country."

This is but a twentieth part of what Mr. Harold Begbie said to this apocryphal young Canadian who seems to have listened politely. "We parted on the best of terms," he says. The sub-editor of the Daily Chronicle seems to have regarded the article as jocular, for he placed on it the jocular heading, "The Lion Roars." The newspaper in question is not widely read in Canada, but has a good reputation in England. The article in question was sent as a clipping by a gentleman in Oxford, England, with the comment: "Here is a lot of 'stuff' written by a man whom I think has never been in the Dominion." Unfortunately he has been.

### How an Alderman Rushed to Defeat.

THEY are telling a story about town now that helps somewhat to explain the unexpected defeat of Dr. John Noble in the aldermanic race in Ward Two last January.

It seems that when Mr. Thomas Foster, who failed in the Board of Control contest the year before, determined to again try his luck for a seat in council, he looked about for a policy. He thought that a playground in the ward, taking up a large section of the district around Regent street and St. David street would be a popular plank, but before he got a chance to announce it, Dr. Noble heard of it, and, to use a common phrase, "stole his thunder."

The wily doctor boomed the idea quite enthusiastically. But the ratepayers who resided in the district that the doctor proposed to turn into a playground were far from pleased. They realized that such a proposition meant that they would have to seek new homes—by no means an easy thing in Toronto. So they decided to nip the scheme in the bud, and they got out and hustled hard until election day, using every effort in their power to compass the defeat of Dr. Noble.

When the ballots were counted Thomas Foster was once more an alderman, and the man who had taken his policy and boomed it went down to defeat.

When Canada Lost Her Chance.

IN his speech at the opening meeting of the Canadian Club at Orillia the other evening, the Hon. A. B. Morine, of Toronto, recalled how near Newfoundland had been to coming into Confederation in 1895. An increase of only \$50,000 in Canada's offer would have satisfied the islanders and brought about the union at less cost to the Dominion than is likely ever to be possible again. So eager were the Newfoundland delegates to arrange terms that they asked Sir Mackenzie Bowell and his colleagues to reconsider their decision, and, if they saw their way to meeting the terms offered by Newfoundland, to wire them at Halifax.

When the expected telegram was handed to them just before embarking for home the delegates opened it with



VERILY STUNG!

suppressed excitement. Judge of their chagrin and mortification when they found that it contained the single word "Good-bye."

### Mr. R. L. Borden Cracks a Joke.

DESPITE his somewhat matter-of-fact style of speaking it must not be supposed that the Conservative leader, Mr. R. L. Borden, is devoid of a sense of humor. At one of the picnics during his recent tour of Ontario the local brass band, when called upon by the chairman, was not ready to play. After a wait of a few minutes the chairman said:

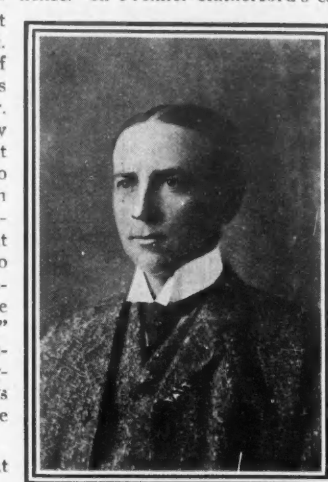
"While the band is getting ready I shall call on Mr. Richard Blain, M.P., to address the meeting. We shall then have a selection from the band, after which Mr. Borden will speak."

In the pause which followed Mr. Borden remarked: "The band's getting ready to blow, and so am I."

Those who were near enough to hear smiled appreciatively, and the rest of the crowd doubtless wondered what was amusing the Conservative chieftain as he shook with suppressed laughter at his little witicism.

## Who's Who Out West

WHEN "Charlie" Cross in 1897 turned his back on college halls and set out from Toronto for Edmonton, Alta., it is scarcely probable he foresaw his own rapid advancement. Ten years have made him a man of prominence. In Premier Rutherford's cabinet of all the virtues



Attorney General Cross of Alberta.

he is one of the shining lights. It is no exaggeration to say that the skill with which he has conducted the Attorney-General's department has given him a reputation for sagacious administrative ability such as many an older statesman might well envy. His action this last summer in enforcing the Lord's Day Act and in prosecuting the Retail Lumber Dealers' Association for combine, which, by the way, is still pending, has drawn upon him the attention of the whole Canadian West. And this, too, indeed, without any attempt to pose in the lime-light.

Mr. Cross will be able to count 35 years on November 30. Born at Madoc, Hastings county, Ontario, he obtained his education at Upper Canada College, Toronto University, and Osgoode Hall. At Varsity he belonged to the year '95, famous for the brilliant group which was graduated from the course in economics. In this group Cross was a leading figure.

After taking the law course, he began his practice in Edmonton, entering the firm of Short, Cross, Biggar & Ewing. In the fall of 1905 he was elected to the provincial house. It was an exciting campaign, and he defeated the redoubtable "Billy" Griesbach, now mayor of Edmonton. This, in short, has been his career. Mr. Cross has been equal to his opportunities as they presented themselves. Behind many of his apparently easily won successes has been much deep thinking and diligent application. In his present position he has gained strength and prestige. He is undoubtedly a man with a future.

### Too Much Cleverness.

WE can all remember the smart boy at the little red schoolhouse. He could beat us at any game we went in for, and he could get up his lessons by merely looking at them, when he was so inclined. The teacher could not hold his own with him at repartee. He was the envy of us all. Yet very probably he is now driving a delivery wagon in Toronto, or peddling books through the country, or at best teaching school on Manitoulin Island or some such place. He was too smart, and he was too conscious of his smartness. A good many people are to be met with nowadays with whom cleverness is a thing of show to be worn like a garment, and not a quality of the inner man. A young fellow steps into a big business establishment and asks for a job. He gets it—he wears his smartness so well. For a while he has the fellows around and above him badly scared, thinking, because he is so smart, that he may displace one or more of them. But after a bit he walks out. The head of the department, quizzed as to his leaving, growls: "Oh, he was too smart." A business man fails. Some one who does not know him asks: "What was the matter? I thought he was very smart." Some one who does know him answers: "He was too smart."

Cleverness—this type of cleverness that is a pretty accomplishment and not an attribute—spreads like a disease. We are beginning to discover a great deal of it in the plays we see, the books we read. The first aim of many of the writers of the day seems to be to stamp their work with a striking veneer of cleverness. They are too conscious of their art. They subordinate the real and the human in a straining effort to make brilliant word-play. Many of the stories the popular authors are giving us would be good stories—moving and convincing—if they were naturally told, but their hard brilliance palls on the reader. He feels that the author has spent himself not in a conscientious effort to illuminate his theme and infuse life and blood into his characters, but to make display of his cleverness. Really fine style, like everything else that is fine, is not obtrusive. The book in which the writer's cleverness is obtruded on every page is read to-day but forgotten to-morrow.

The gifted Rance of Sarawak is, in spite of her Eastern title, a typical English grande dame of commanding presence and wide range of accomplishments. Her highness, who is the sister of the well-known traveller, Harry De Windt, married Rajah Sir Charles Brooke some thirty-odd years ago, and she and her husband went out to Sarawak, where they had many exciting and interesting adventures. Lady Brooke—to give her her alternate title—has exceptional artistic taste, and she is the first woman in society who became adept in the art of jewel setting and enameling. Of cosmopolitan tastes, she lived for a long time in Italy, and when there she showed her loyalty and great-hearted nature by her unbounded kindness to the wife of the ill-starred genius who wrote "Lady Windermere's Fan."

## Some Humors of Camp Life

By MOUTRIE

A Gang of Men in the Bush—Rovers From all Corners of the World—Hard Work and Rough Jest.

DURING part of this summer I was employed with others in some construction work in New Ontario, and though our gang was a small one, it was certainly a merry one, and the memories of our eight weeks in the bush will always be pleasant to me.

One gets thrown in with interesting characters in such a place. Our party in the tent consisted of Charlie, a great expert in the lighting of "smudges" for driving out mosquitoes; a very nice Englishman named George, who had travelled in Australia and South Africa, and recently been mining in Larder district, a most entertaining companion; Jim, a typical Yankee of his class, whose Munchausen-like tales became the joke of the camp; Andy, an Irishman and splendid worker; Sandy No. 2, a Scotch Canadian of a retiring disposition—particularly pronounced after supper; Si, a native of Newfoundland and a jolly fellow, who had been to South Africa with the last Canadian contingent, and was full of camp yarns; Sandy the first, a Scotchman recently arrived from South Africa; and myself, an Englishman from London. Here, you see we had variety enough.

Jim was a desperate poker player. He almost invariably lost, but that never disconcerted him. Having absolutely no control over his somewhat angular features one could almost instantly tell when to stop in or stay out of the game, by the joy or otherwise depicted on his face. He was a goodhearted fellow, always willing to do one a personal kindness, yet he displayed at times the most colossal ignorance on ordinary everyday affairs, but was never by that deterred from entering into an argument with anyone upon anything, from the superiority of Uncle Sam's navy to that of the world in general, to the local conditions of the cotton trade in Lancashire, where he had never been. His theory that American bills were worth more than Canadian on account of their having more silk in their composition, was interesting, though inaccurate. His unflinching remark on being shouted down after making some preposterous statement was: "Well, at any rate, so I am told."

It used to afford me intense amusement to watch him and George starting on an argument, generally commenced by someone making a statement, George giving his opinion, which was always of interest and to the point, and Jim flatly contradicting everybody. George would then say "Oh, for goodness sake Jim, don't let anybody hear you say that, or they will see how fearfully ignorant you are," and Jim persisting in his opinion, eventually George would get quite angry. In the meantime Andy would probably shout remarks across the tent to the effect that Jim was a fool, or other polite method of signifying his personal disagreement with him, in a voice that could be heard in a gale of wind (the tent was only fourteen by twelve, and I once ironically suggested that telephone communication be established from one side to the other, as the voices, though loud, did not appear to carry, but this small jocularly passed unnoticed), and in the end George would rise and say, "Oh, I'm not going to sit here and listen to a lot of damned nonsense like that," and turn to go, but come back and say, "But look here Jim, how can so and so, etc.," and Jim still persisting, George would explode.

The ridiculous part of it was that the result was always the same, but George could not keep away from Jim and his talk, though it riled him so.

Another peculiarity of Jim's was when out at the work, his craze for the finding of water springs—a very useful thing, but apt to get tiring, as every spring he discovered he invariably declared to be better than the last, and the finest water in Canada. I think he must have possessed an ancestor who was hydrocephalus.

Our Sunday excursions were often amusing. Mort, the foreman, who had the honor of sleeping in the box car with the boss, the cook, and Joe, the official inspector of our work, had a revolver which originally was George's property, and which was craved for by Jim, who eventually purchased it for \$5, but parted with it across the poker table. On our first Sunday tramp we started a small squirrel which ran before us on the track and hid in a small hole in the rock. Mort firing at it at point blank range, and entirely missing it, the wretched creature when dragged forth being apparently dead from heart shock.

Mort rendered himself immortal by finding three bottles of whisky in an old boiler alongside the track. The rapid strides he made towards the car, the three bottles all buttoned up in the front of his coat, and the solemnity with which we were all treated to a "tot" before supper that night, with the smiling faces all round the table, will always be an amusing memory.

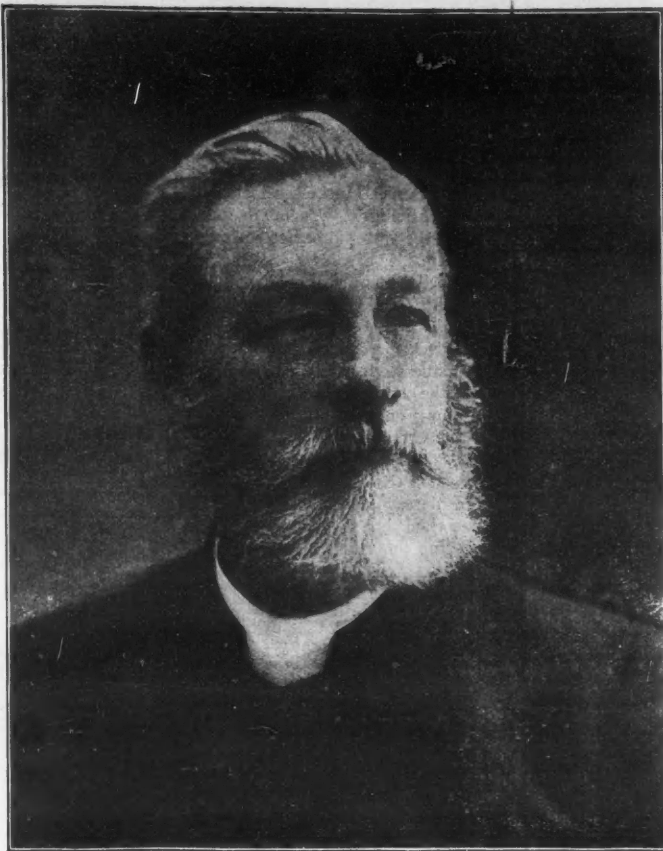
Sandy was a somewhat restless bedmate—the eight of us shared double mattresses and blankets to economize space, the disposition being Charles and Si, George and Jim, Andy and Sandy the second, and Sandy the first and myself—and at first startled me a little by his conversation after we had all turned in for the night, as I did not realize that all the time he was talking he was asleep.

One night he started up in bed with a shout that awoke some of us up, of "I've got him, there two more to come," but neither he nor we could imagine next day to what he was referring, the general supposition being that he was dreaming of mosquitoes that he was slaying—these being always on our minds more or less, when not on our persons.

Andy, on the contrary, was a sound sleeper, but very much to the fore about 3.30 a.m., as he generally heralded the day's approach with a stentorian yell of "Hurrah, Hurrah, we'll have a Jubilee!" which had the immediate effect of causing boots, etc., to fly around in an endeavor to stop him. But there was no more sleep.

One night a cargo of liquor arrived on the scene unexpectedly, but not so suddenly as to be without welcome. It is curious to observe the different effects of intoxication on different men. No writer has given the subject the consideration it deserves. A couple of visitors dropped in when the hilarity was at its height. One of our men considered it good fun to pretend to whisper important tips about mining locations to one of the visitors, although in reality, only making unintelligible sounds in strict confidence and with great solemnity. The visitor finally withdrew in anger convinced that he was being trifled with. The other visitor having asked for a match was generously loaded down with a store of tobacco by a member of the party who could ill afford to part with it. But who cares, under such circumstances!

As a rule almost perfect silence prevails at night in



The Late Rev. Dr. John Potts

Rev. John Potts died in Toronto on Wednesday, October 16th, aged 74 years. He was a man who held a peculiarly strong place in the affections of the people in all parts of Canada. For forty years he was a towering figure in Methodism, a renowned pulpit orator, and one personally loved and admired in his church. He was a good man, kind, sane, true—and the country is the better for his life, work and example. He has given inspiration to a multitude now scattered over the world.

the bush, sometimes broken by the long, distant cry of a bob cat, or howl of a wolf miles away.

One night we had turned in early, it being pretty cold, when in the far distance a peculiar noise was heard. George said, "Hark, did you hear that wolf?" We all listened. The sound was repeated nearer, whereupon Sandy called out "That's no wolf, man, it's more like an owl screeching!" and for a time there was quite a little discussion, Jim maintaining it was a bob cat. Suddenly the noise arose once more, this time there being no mistaking our old friend, Engine No. 13, as she came hooting round the curve about two miles away, and we had great jibes at our much travelled comrades, who could not tell an engine from a wild animal. All the same, distant noises are very deceptive in these vast solitudes.

Toronto, October 15.

### The Most Pathetic Figure in Europe.

FRANCIS JOSEPH, Emperor of Austria, recently celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday. It is commonplace to talk of the tragedy of a man's life; but there are few men who have lived such a tragedy as the Nestor of royalty, who can see no gleam of hope to comfort his remaining years, says The Forum. Not one of the things that can compensate a man has been vouchsafed to him. He has tasted of the bitterness that comes from the death of his beloved—his only son ended his life under circumstances so mysterious and so horrible that even now the world does not know the real story of Meyerling; his wife fell under the knife of an assassin, and never was there a more wanton murder; his brother died in the foolish attempt to found an empire in Mexico. As a king Francis Joseph has suffered no less than as a man. He was called to the throne a lad of eighteen, and the unaccustomed crown still pressed heavy on his youthful head when he was forced to crush rebellion in Hungary, only to see himself defeated and compelled pitifully to appeal to Russia to save his heritage. Solferino and Sadowa are bitter memories to a proud man. And now as the end draws near he sees Hungary again rebellious, this time not in arms, but politically defying his power and threatening the security of the empire; he knows that after his death, in all probability, the map of Europe will have to be remade. He will die with his heart empty and his ambitions ungratified. In all Europe there is no more pathetic and lonely figure than this King, who has deserved better things of fate.

For although Francis Joseph cannot be classed as one of the world's intellectually great, he is a man far above the average; and placed in a most delicate position, he has displayed extraordinary tact and a wonderful faculty for doing the right thing at the right time. He has held his empire together with the slender threads of his personal influence, but with his death those threads will be broken, and then, perhaps, will come chaos.

### The Granting of Bonuses.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a clipping from a Toronto evening paper reporting the voluntary assignment of a company owing one of the towns in Ontario a very large sum of money, which had been granted the firm as a bonus, repayable in twenty years. "It would seem fair to suppose," writes our correspondent, "that in future the town in question will be slow to go fishing for infant industries. But quite aside from the possibility of failure, why in the name of common sense should any municipality fall all over itself to bribe into its midst a concern too weak to stand on its own hind legs? Or why should a town without the natural advantages necessary to induce an industry to settle there attempt by a bonus to take it from another town that has those advantages? Is not the giving of bonuses by municipalities wrong in principle as well as often disastrous in its results? Does it not put a premium on business adventure, and therefore hinder rather than help legitimate enterprise? Would it not be better for the self-respect and for the ultimate good of the community if the money squandered in bonusing mushroom manufactures, etc., were invested in municipal improvements?"

The French are cursing the Spanish because of the inactivity of their fleet, but King Alfonso is astonished that any one should expect the Spanish fleet to be active. —Humoristische Blaetter.

Orison S. Marden, editor of Success, says that President Roosevelt is too great a man not to respond to the call of his country for the ensuing presidential term.

### Dawson City To-day

R. R. HARTMAN, formerly of Toronto, who has been living in Dawson City for the past two years, and who has gone to Edmonton to spend the winter, has some interesting stories to tell about Dawson, its makers, and its mines. In an interview last week he said:

"There are now no small independent mines around Dawson. They have all, without exception, been swallowed up by the big companies. The largest of these companies, the Guggenheims, of New York, employ about 2,000 men, so you can understand the enormity of their works. These men are of all classes and nationalities, but there is one class that is not tolerated, the negro. Some have come in but they got out again. A person leaving the city a couple of years ago and returning now would not know it as the same place. Then it was a conglomeration of saloons, dance halls and other places. Now, it is a model little city, under the marshal control of the R. N. W. M. P. Major Woods is in charge of the police and has said the place is very easily kept in order. The city has a water service, electric light, and in fact every modern convenience, but a street railroad.

"The most notable man in Dawson is a retired Presbyterian minister, Dr. Grant. He opened the first church in Dawson, but soon he got the gold craze and speculated, resigning from the ministry. He is now probably the wealthiest individual in Dawson.

"The community is fond of sports, and has an amateur baseball team and hockey team. A cup has been donated for both sports and a keen rivalry exists between the opposing teams, who generally are made up of the workmen of one of the big companies.

"The price of every commodity is very high. I don't know much about the commissariat department, but I do know that it costs fifty cents for a glass of whisky that is half water, and twenty-five cents for a ten cent plug of tobacco."

### Mark Twain a Poor Typo.

NO matter what else Mark Twain succeeded in achieving he could not set type, says Anthony Kennedy, a seventy-year-old St. Louis Post-Despatch "newsboy." Kennedy cherishes as the proudest memory of his life the fact that the celebrated humorist and himself were compositors together on the old St. Louis Democrat for several months in the spring of 1853.

"We were sticking type then at thirty cents a thousand and ems," said Kennedy, "and while the rest of us were drawing our twelve dollars a week, it was all Sam Clemens could do to make eight or nine. He always had so many errors marked in his proofs that it took most of his time correcting them. He could not have set up an advertisement in acceptable form to save his life. Naturally, he did not stay in the printing business very long, because he would have starved at it. One day he washed his hands of printer's ink and went down to the river, where he got a job as roustabout. He must have found his element there, for two years later, when I met him for the last time on Chestnut street, he told me he had climbed up to pilot in that short time."

He had to own that Sam Clemens, as he knew him, was a very commonplace young man, not even known among his fellow printers as a youth of more than average intelligence.

"The most remarkable thing I remember about Clemens," said Kennedy, "is the fact that he was not 'one of the boys.' Then, more than now, it was the proud prerogative of printers to be able to drink more red whisky than men of any other trade. But Clemens, so far as I can remember, never took a drink.

"He was a silent chap, who attended to his own business and didn't mingle with the wild fellows who worked with him. He spoke with a delightful drawl, and sometimes unthinkingly to tell a funny story, which he did well enough.

"He was a tall gawky chap, just from the wilds of Hannibal, Mo. His clothes were several sizes too small for him and gave him the appearance of a scarecrow. It's been the puzzle of my life to explain how he happened to amount to anything. If he was reading or writing at the time I knew him none of us were acquainted with the fact."

In 1858 Kennedy was a compositor on the New York World, and was nominated by his local as a delegate to the annual convention of the International Typographical Union. He wrote of his success to Mark Twain, then known from ocean to ocean, and requested an endorsement, but worded his communication so unskillfully that the humorist supposed Kennedy had taken a position in opposition to his union. The reply has Mark Twain written all over it.

"Friend Tony," it begins, "I applaud the serenity of your effort to get me in trouble with No. 6. Now you get some other firebrand to tie to your tail when you go through the Philistines' corn; this one's busy. I am thirty-seven years older and seventy years wiser than when we wrought together, good, your worship. Yours, Mark."

Baden bei Wien is a popular resort with Viennese, who go there for their summer holidays. It is situated at the end of the Heleental, a magnificent valley, the sides of which are covered with pine forests, and through which flows the river Schwechat. Near it is Meyerling, the late Crown Prince Rudolf's hunting-box, where his life so tragically ended. Baden was also one of Beethoven's favorite places, and it was whilst wandering in the woods which surround it that he conceived some of his famous sonatas. A monument stating this fact has been erected to him on his favorite resting-place, under a rock just outside the town by the side of the river.

Says Goldwin Smith: "The Governor-General once more eloquently exhorts us to contribute to the Imperial Navy. We do not want to be shabby. Let the British Government, quitting generalities, tell us precisely or approximately how much we are expected to contribute."

### A View Into the Soul of the Russian People.

[This "actual conversation" is described by Prof. Schiemann as "a view into the soul of the Russian people." It appeared originally in the Rjetech, and was copied into the Kreuzzeitung. Translated for SATURDAY NIGHT by T. H. Marshall.]

BEFORE me stood Mikula Seljaninowitsch. The hero was emaciated and small of cheek. His torn red shirt hung in tatters over the narrow bony shoulders. Out of half-rotted shoes great crippled dirty toes protruded.

"A kopek, for Christ's sake!" so he sang, as he bowed profoundly, this great warrior of the Russian fatherland.

"How, brother, has it gone too hard with you in the village?"

Mikula Seljaninowitsch raised his tired bleared eyes to me. "Wherefore should it be too severe in the village?" said he, apparently astonished. "The hay smells—the birds sing—that is their way of praying to God."

"Wherefore, then, are you come out of the village?"

"Wherefore, out of the village?" The peasant inclined his head. "Yes, you saw . . ." he said, as he thought aloud, "there was nothing to eat. At the beginning there was only spelt. But when that was all gone, and the people began not only to swell of hunger but also to die. Then we left the village."

"And have you a large family?"

"Yes, a large family," said the peasant abstractedly, "but now, God be thanked, it is small—only two—I and Gruenka, my granddaughter."

"And the others?"

"You ask where the others are! They are dead."

"From hunger?"

"No. Only my wife died from hunger. She lay five days without anything to eat. She had gnawed to pieces all that was in the house, the kneading trough, the wooden spoon, the bowl. On the sixth day she cried to me and said: 'Notice! Mikula dear, what a smell of bread there is! Look into the stove. Perhaps an angel has brought bread.' I ran for the priest, for him to absolve her, for I saw that she was dying. But by the time the priest arrived the old woman had already given up her unsolved soul to God."

Mikula Seljaninowitsch remained silent some seconds. Visibly he was having a struggle as to whether he should tell further as to his sorrow. But evidently grief was choking him and he decided to unburden his soul.

"And my sons too are dead," he said suddenly, and glanced aside.

"Pray, what was the cause of their death?"

"My sons? Listen! This is how it happened. Nowadays it is not hard for a Catholic to die. Indeed at present there is nothing easier."

"But yet there must have been some special cause?"

"Naturally there was a cause, how else could it happen?"

"Well, I have had three sons. One served in the ranks, and would certainly have risen by this time to the position of an officer, but then he was hanged. The other joined the Gendarmes. 'I,' so he often said, 'must serve the Czar and the fatherland. I am paid for that, and have sworn to do it.' But he was torn to fragments, only his boots were left, and even they were tattered. In the city here, I could get only twenty kopeks for them."

"And the third?"

"The third burned his master's dwelling. People told him that everything belonged to us peasants. But if it belongs to us, why may we not burn it? So he set fire to the house, and a bullet laid him low. There in the open field he yielded his soul to God. So now I have left only Gruenka, my granddaughter, and for her, thank God, a purchaser has been found."

"A purchaser? For Gruenka?"

"Certainly—the gentleman bought her out of neighborliness."

"Bought?"

"Yes, bought! 'Why, Mikula,' said he, 'should the maiden die of hunger in your house? Give her to me for five roubles.' Gruenka was quite a tall girl, although only 13 years old. So I have sold her. The notary wrote a paper, and the councillor put his seal on it. Now she lives comfortably. The gentleman has dressed her as a Cossack, and she is with him day and night. He loves her very much. But I am a wanderer."

"And you have given up your land?"

"My land?" The peasant drew closer to me. He raised his eyes, and I did not recognize them, they glowed with such strange fire.

"The land," he said in a low voice, "one cannot give up! To-day it is only sick—sick of grief."

"What kind of folly is that?"

"No, sir, it is not folly. The Mother Earth is sick, and cannot produce, and nothing can mature from her. She is sick from the blood that she has been forced to drink these two years."

For a moment he was silent, then he said: "Some say the land is mine. Let it go. Others say it belongs to us. We shall not give it up. And then flows blood, and always blood. But they are all alike to the dear Mother, all are her children, and she loves them all alike. And whosoever blood the earth is forced to drink, always it is the blood of her children. And so she has become sick of grief, and she groans bitterly, the poor earth, she groans."

I was on the point of answering something, but he forbade me with a motion of his calloused hand. "You don't believe it, sir," he said, with high emotion, "but it is true. Go out into the field and throw yourself on the breast of our suffering Mother, and you will hear this groaning. You will then neither drink nor eat. And your heart will become dry like this grass, and you will want to weep—but your tears will fall into your heart, and none will flow out of your eyes. And you will want to cry, but your lips won't utter your cry; it too will remain within you, and will rend your breast."

The peasant's voice was low, very low. His words pierced my head and heart like nails. Involuntarily I became uneasy. Almost against my will this question escaped me: "And how long, pray, will it groan?"

"It will groan," answered that same sorrowful whisper, "so long as the hot drops of human blood burn the breast of Mother Earth . . . till those take pity, who hanged my first son, and tore in pieces my second . . . until they show pity, pity, pity."

He was silent. It was a painful pause. But suddenly he recovered himself, and said, "Now, sir, farewell."

"Whither?"

He laughed. "Who can know whither? Anywhere! Farewell!"

Mikula Seljaninowitsch quickly went forward, and a minute later I heard the voice of the great champion of the Russian fatherland.

"For Christ's sake, a kopek!"

And the earth groaned.

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Victorian and Virgilian are Turbine Express Steamers of highest class passenger accommodation.

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**EMPRESES**

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Nov. 9	Lake Champlain	Oct. 23
Nov. 15	Empress of Britain	Nov. 1
Nov. 22	Lake Erie	Nov. 6

**Reduction in Rates**  
 Until further notice the following 1st and 2nd cabin rates eastbound (i.e. Montreal to Liverpool), will be effective: Empresses (1st), \$55.00 and upwards; Empresses (2nd), \$32.50 and \$15.00; Lake Manitoba (1st), \$45.00 and upwards; Lake Manitoba (2nd), \$25.00; Lake Champlain and Lake Erie (one class boats), \$40.00 and \$22.50.

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 Stop-overs everywhere.  
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**OCT. 24th to NOV. 5th**  
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**THE SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE**  
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 Distilled at Tarragona (Spain).

**AFTER YOUR MEALS**  
 take a glass of this delicious liqueur and you will be assured of perfect digestion.

**BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES**  
 See that you get the bottle of which we give facsimile here.

**D. MASSON & CO.**  
 Sole Agents, Montreal and Toronto.

"I must confess," growls the dissatisfied tourist, "that I can't see why so many people want to come here. No scenery, no amusements, no good things to eat—absolutely no attractions!"

"Ah, *signor*," said the innkeeper, "zey come because we 'ave ze gr-ran' label to stick on ze luggage."—Success.

## In the Far North-West

Men Who Are Making Long Journeys and Blazing New Paths Through Little Known Regions of Canada.

AFTER a trip that occupied 107 days, in which 2,000 miles of the lakes and streams of Northern Saskatchewan were traversed, the Government Commission has returned to Duck Lake. It was composed of Mr. T. A. Borthwick, Indian agent; two secretaries, and Dr. H. A. Stewart, of Saskatoon. The object of the trip was to pay Government treaty money, to take evidence regarding the half-breeds entitled to scrip, and to complete the work of the commission sent north last year. Du Brochet was the farthest point north visited.

The long journey was made in ten Peterboro boats, 22 boatmen being required for the work. Quite a number of portages were encountered in the journey, but, as the boatmen are quite inured to this work, the delays were not so long as one might expect. The portages were from 300 yards to three miles in length.

Mr. Borthwick had not time to thoroughly examine the country through which the party passed, but, from the boat after passing Green Lake, the country seemed to be very unfit for cultivation, being for the most part rock, muskeg and scrub. Here and there along the rivers some very good timber was encountered. There was every appearance of mineral here and there, and, indeed, some of the party brought home a few samples with them. These consisted of gold and copper.

The immense chain of lakes and cold, clear rivers teemed with fish, and there was plenty of big game, such as moose and bear. Ducks, geese and chickens were very scarce, in fact very few were seen.

H. A. CONROY, of the Department of Indian Affairs at Ottawa, has just returned to Edmonton from his annual tour of inspection of the treaty Indians in the north. Mr. Conroy left Edmonton for the north last May.

To a Bulletin representative Mr. Conroy stated that in all there are about 4,000 Indians under treaty between Edmonton and Fort St. John, while the non-treaty Indians in more remote districts number approximately 3,000. Most of these would like to come under treaty, as it in no way interferes with their present hunting privileges, and means in addition the payment of \$5 annuity to each member of the tribe with \$20 for the chief, and \$10 for each of his headmen or councillors. These latter receive in addition good suits of clothing every three years.

These treaty Indians who were brought under treaty by the commission headed by Hon. David L. Aird in 1899, live in widely scattered bands belonging mainly to the Cree and Chipewyan nations. "Reserves have been allotted to each band," said Mr. Conroy, "but for the present only the Crees at Lesser Slave Lake live on their allotments and raise small crops. Until the country becomes more settled they will continue to live so, I expect, with hunting as their main support."

"The halfbreed takes to farming; the Indian does not. But here as in Eastern Canada the Indian has the fine hand skill of the Oriental races. They have little opportunity for its development in the needs of their present simple mode of life, but they do sell small quantities of beautiful work to the traders. The Loucheux particularly are gifted in this way and make handsome porcupine-embroidered belts, root baskets, willow nets and hunting coats of skin richly worked in beads or porcupine quills.

"There has been, I believe, a slight increase in the births over the deaths this year, so the census will be higher. Some of the families are comfortably well off as a result of their fur sales. Most of them indeed could be comfortable the year round if they were not so very improvident by nature."

ONE of the pioneer Anglican missionaries of the country north of Edmonton, Rev. T. J. Marsh, visited that city one day last week. He has spent the past fifteen years among the Indians there. Rev. Mr. Marsh's post is roughly speaking about 1,000 miles north of Edmonton. It is four years since he was down from the north before and needless to say the city is so greatly changed in that time that he hardly recognized it.

"The life of the far north is a lonely one," said the pioneer in speaking to a newspaper representative, "and I am glad to get out to civilization again. We only get three mails a year and are entirely shut

off from the outer world except by dog teams in the winter—and a trip by that method for a thousand miles is not to be envied."

The country around the Lesser Slave Lake is rich in minerals and when they are opened up the population will rapidly increase. Till then there is not much inducement for the immigrant.

"For 360 days out of the year our continuous diet three times a day is fish and potatoes and the imported luxuries, which are your necessities, we scatter over the other five. To take goods to the Hay River Post on the Great Slave costs \$8.75 a cwt. and at this rate any importation is a luxury."

The rapid growth of vegetation in the summer months, says Rev. Mr. Marsh, is one of the wonders of the country. Potatoes grow visibly in a day and other crops come up with marvellous rapidity. The reason is the almost perpetual sunshine, which in June and July lasts for twenty out of the twenty-four hours.

**SUPERINTENDENT OF FORESTRY, R. H. CAMERON**, has just returned to Ottawa after a most important official visit to British Columbia where he made his headquarters in Provincial Timber Inspector Leamy's office in New Westminster.

Mr. Cameron and Mr. Leamy made an extensive tour of inspection of the Dominion timber areas in British Columbia, and made arrangements for extensive reserves for two important purposes.

The principal reason for the laying out of reserves was to preserve the water supply in many sections both for municipal and irrigation purposes. This applies particularly to the region of country in the interior and known as the dry belt. There are many streams flowing through the country, but which have their sources in timbered areas, and it is believed that should the timber be cut off they would dry up in the warm season, so the timber department is moving to conserve the supply.

The other important reason for which large timber reserves are being arranged for by the department is to prevent as much as possible high floods on the Fraser and other rivers in the province.

It is a well known fact that the floods on the Fraser are caused each year by the melting of the snow, but should the timber be cut off of the mountains the snow would melt much quicker, and it is believed would cause a much more serious flood each year, while if the timber is left standing the snow melts slowly and takes a long period to come down so that there is less danger of flood.

It is to make the danger of flood as small as possible that the timber is being reserved in the regions where the snowfall is greatest. It is expected that a special government order will be made stating what areas have been set aside as forest reserves in British Columbia.

**NEWS** comes from Edmonton of the progress being made on the new government road being built around Lesser Slave lake.

J. Fielders, Government Road Inspector, recently returned to Edmonton from Athabasca Landing. He says the road has been completed seventy miles northwest from the Landing to the mouth of the Little Slave River. Twenty men and six teams have been at work since the beginning of July. The road will be continued to the west end of the Lesser Slave Lake, which is another hundred miles. There is at present a road from the Roman Catholic mission at the end of the lake to Peace River Crossing, eighty miles distant. When the government road is completed, there will be a good road from the Landing to the Peace River Crossing, two hundred and fifty miles. The government road is being built on the north side of the lake. There are only three small creeks to cross on this side of the lake—Narrows Creek, Shaw's Creek and Moose Creek. Work will be stopped within a few days, to be resumed in the spring. The party's guide will prospect a road from the head of the rapids to the west end of the lake during the winter. The road so far constructed, is in good shape. A rancher from Montana, named Adair, drove 350 horses over it. He purposes establishing a ranch at the west end of the lake. Two loads of freight were also taken over.

A **VANCOUVER** despatch tells of a daring passage of the Skeena Canyon by six men in a small skiff a few days ago. The men were Dan Day, G. W. Shipster, A. Lathrop, B. W. Huckell, M. Chester and N. Thomas. The men were all passengers on the

wrecked steamer Hazelton and wished to get down to Port Essington. No canoes were obtainable and walking was out of the question, so they applied to the captain of the Hazelton for permission to take one of the steamer's boats. This was granted, and two hours was spent selecting a captain. B. W. Huckell, an old boatman of Michigan, was finally selected, and the intrepid sextet started on their trip.

Huckell had only a small paddle to guide the skiff, while Day and Lathrop had an oar each. No sooner had they struck the swirl of boiling water than Lathrop lost his oar and rendered the other useless. The men's lives hung on the ability of Huckell, and the strength of his little oar. Luckily both were good for the occasion, and the six adventurers came out of the whirlpool safe and sound after a time that they will not readily forget for the rest of their lives.

## The Tramp Flower.

Betty grew within a garden,  
 Long ago,  
 Tended by old-fashioned fingers,  
 Trained just so!  
 Fairest of the flowers they thought  
 her,  
 Lovers for their ladies sought her,  
 And for love and money bought her,  
 Lady Bet.

Fair and fine was pretty Betty,  
 Long ago;  
 In her perfumed gown of lacework,  
 Made for show.  
 Freshest dewdrops from heaven kissed  
 her,  
 Ne'er a balmy zephyr missed her,  
 Sunbeams hastened to assist her,  
 Dainty Bet.

But their fickle fancies wavered,  
 Long ago;  
 And a rival flower won them,  
 Ah, the woe!  
 Fashion's cruel whim dethroned her,  
 Robbed her of the prestige loaned  
 her,  
 Old-time friends in vain bemoaned  
 her,  
 Pretty Bet.

Thrust from out her native garden,  
 Long ago;  
 Betty crept upon the highway,  
 There to grow.  
 Now she nods from every corner,  
 Wildness has of beauty shorn her,  
 Till the passing children scorn her,  
 Gypsy Bet.

She that was so fine and dainty,  
 Long ago;  
 Tended by old-fashioned fingers,  
 Trained just so!  
 Grazing kine have tramped and maimed  
 her,  
 Long neglect has paled and shamed  
 her,  
 And the vulgar youth have named  
 her  
 Bouncing Bet.

—Ainslee's.

He was a motherless boy and his father's only child, but some of the relatives had decided that he should be sent to a boy's school, fifty miles from home, and at last the father had agreed to the plan.

Forty-eight hours after his boy's departure the father received a letter, which was, although not faultless as an example of spelling, so much to the point, and so in accord with his own feelings, that the plans for the future were speedily readjusted.


"Dear father," wrote the exile, "it's all right here and I'm not homesick I believe, but life is very short, and don't you think you'd better let us spend some more of it together?"

Your affectionate son,  
 Thomas.  
 —Youth's Companion.

In reply to the question, "Please tell when and where are, or is, the correct time for a gentleman to lift or remove his hat," we reply: Without consulting authorities of etiquette; in fact giving it to you off-hand, so to speak, we would say at the following times and on the following occasions, respectively, the hat should be lifted or removed as circumstances indicate: When mopping the brow; when taking a bath; when eating; when going to bed; when taking up a collection; when having the hair trimmed; when being shampooed; when standing on the head.—Wichita (Kans.) Beacon.

Little Johnny's father is a physician and his mother is a Christian Scientist. Recently the little boy was threatened with appendicitis. His sister, going into the room where Johnny was in bed, found a very indignant little boy, who made this complaint. "Father and mother won't let me talk slang, but when I told mother how sick I was she said 'Forget it,' and when I told father he said, 'Cut it out.'"  
 —Judge.

**The Right Watch** **The ELGIN WATCH**



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 Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed. All jewelers have Elgin Watches. An interesting, illustrated booklet about watches, sent free on request to  
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 Deer, Moose, Bear, Partridge, Duck  
 The Canada Northern Ontario opens up a new country, the best hunting on the Continent. Beside Muskoka Lake, Georgian Bay, innumerable waterways north of Parry Sound, including the Shawanaga, Magnetawan and Still Rivers, hitherto almost inaccessible. More deer come out of this section than from the rest of Canada. Partridge, Duck and small game in abundance.  
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Biscuit with milk or cream makes an appetizing breakfast.  
 All Grocers—13c. a carton, 2 for 25c.

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soap—the genuine made from the very finest vegetable oils and flower perfumes—and the imitations made from chemical perfumes and chemically bleached animal fats, to resemble, as much as possible in appearance, the genuine

## "Baby's Own" Soap

Absolutely no expense is spared to make "Baby's Own" as good a soap as can be made, yet it costs you no more than the inferior imitation.

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431 Yonge St. Phone Main 2498

Chapleigh—I say, dwuggist, can you—aw—give me something to—aw—bwhigten me up, doncher know? Druggist—You're in the wrong place, young man. This is a drug store, not a night school.—Chicago Daily News.

Parvenue (going over his estate with his steward)—The flax is very short this year. Seems to me they will only be able to make children's shirts with it.—Fliegende Blätter.



OUR Jane went visiting another lady's Jane on Tuesday, and thus amused us on Monday morning: "It was such a lovely house, and when it was time to go, a little clock called out 'Skidoo' ten times." We have dared anyone to enlighten Jane as to the true signification of the Cuckoo clock. In the meantime, the harbinger of spring has a slangy flavor.

Sometimes one feels an unaccountable resentment at the methods of the well-meaning! An unctuous lady at a certain health resort annoyed me dreadfully once when I was feeling particularly peaceful and happy, by telling me she was praying for me every day. I know it was quite wrong for me to think her officious, but a funny little episode the other day recalled it to my mind, and perhaps explained my ingratitude. It was an important occasion in an important location and a certain quiet person keeping in the background was thus accosted by a hustling volunteer assistant host: "You're a stranger here? Well, you'll find the place most comfortable. Everything is so well done. Let me recommend you to see the view from the second landing before you go. And you may come to me if ever you are at a loss; you know, strangers are my first care." The quiet man looked at the fussy person calmly. "Excuse me," he remarked. "You're very kind, I'm sure, but, you know, I live here!" At which the fussy one vanished.

With a loathing of drugs and medicine of every description, I join a firm faith in manipulation, and a good masseur is, to my mind, one of the greatest boons to the sufferer. Therefore I went gaily to what my sceptical chum calls a bone-doctor, for relief from pain which bid fair to spoil my temper. If you have a clear twenty-four hours in which to get over it, the osteopathic "first aid" is very convincing, and you feel that, cure or no cure, the doctor has given you sensations which balance his fee. My particular practitioner did certainly use me very frankly. My muscles were in a horrible condition (so he said); my circulation was weak and faulty, no wonder I had pains and tribulations. And then he proceeded to limber up those muscles, and get me circulating briskly, and when it was all over I arose and habited myself for home going, feeling as if an earthquake hit me from every point of the compass. I was so sleepy that after climbing into a trolley to ride three blocks I paid a second fare, because the conductor happened to pause before me, and only a fussy old gentleman told the conductor he was cheating me. I'd never have known. They both helped me to descend from the car in the next moment, and I awakened up sufficiently to notice that the fussy old gentleman pursed up his lips and shook his head and muttered, "Too bad, too bad," and the conductor forgave him for meddling, and agreed "Tis that, sir." Since that memorable first day, the osteopaths have been working their sweet will with my muscles and my circulation, but the end is not yet. Supercilious medical men condescend to say the treatment won't probably do me any harm, and they chortle after they say so, as if they knew a thing or two! In the meantime my comrades have told me a score of times that they never saw me looking better, and when folks say that what matter on earth how one feels?

They do queer things in Pittsburg! Did you read of the girl of 35 who spent the evening with some friends and didn't arrive home until the first of the wee small hours, to be greeted by a scandalized male parent who thrashed her with a slipper in the good old-fashioned way? She took him into court for assault and the judge let him off, reading a lecture to the spanked one, and telling her the energetic action of her pa was all right and quite within the law! I seemed to hear the bones of Susan B. Anthony rattle as she turned in her grave! Truly the tyrant man is picking up courage, and the woman's righters should get after him before it's too late.

A woman writes: "I long to go next summer to your dear Island, but I dread the long train journey." Fancy anyone dreading a trip on the good old Intercolonial, where there isn't a tiresome mile from Montreal to

Sydney. Let me whisper you, dear dreadful, of the five o'clock tea hour, when one gets the greatest possible view of grim rock bound Quebec, of the beautiful run down the St. Lawrence, and the sweet views in Nova Scotia, of pretty Truro, and fascinating Canso, where one crosses by a huge train ferry at sundown, and gets a picture of land and water one never forgets, of Folly Lake and its fairy residences, oh, what's the use of wasting ink! The traveller who doesn't enjoy that train trip, that excellent menu, those delectable glimpses of country and lake and river, should bide at home and mind the baby. I have been many summers going and returning by the I. C. R. and it's truth I'm telling you, that I like it more every time. "May pas peur" as old Cocardasse used to say, in Dumas' great tale, but start off for the dear Island, where health and joy await you, and meet me down Cape Breton way, that we may explore a bit that delightful country, before we leave Canada behind. I have a feeling that there are places waiting to be loved in Cape Breton, and don't you want to see the men of Judique and the great fighters of Gabarus? By the way, knowing what one knows of Gabarus, it did seem the oddest place at which to land those smuggled Chinamen. Surely, the Gabaroosters must have scented war whenever the Chinks conversed together, for Chinese talk is more like hen-talk than anything outside a poultry yard!

The quiet and peace of the country, which is so dear and pleasant to certain folk, maddens some natures. I confess that the country in November and March gives me the creeps, and country residence in winter appals me. The only second of sympathy I ever had with that enterprising person lately deceased, Cassie Chadwick, was when I read that the farm life was so dull she fell into crime to escape from it. Flying past Appin in the fast train the other day I was thinking about her froward, unprincipled life and jail-shadowed death with some speculation. Certainly she escaped from monotony and saw life under the fullest glare of the limelight. She was no coward either in meeting it, but did she ever regret the run she had for her money? I don't believe it, nor that any brave soul ever says, "Oh, if I had only stayed on the farm!" He or she who is the real stuff would never say that; it's better to get out into the rush, mad, wicked, or merely interesting and safe, as it sometimes is, when one has the longing, and only the weak and the coward whine if the rush carries them out to sea!

Cassie Chadwick was not a common or garden adventuress about whom one would not choose to write. She wanted life at the flow, bringing big chances. She found it more than easy to get what she wanted, without the low tricks that would keep one from speculating on her possible experiences. She was dishonest as many of our speculators are dishonest, and she wrecked her friends as they wreck them. She paid the penalty so long as she could stand it, and without in the least excusing her. I fell a-wondering whether her life on the farm, fretful, dull, full of discontent, growing sour and narrow and splenetic, was much to be preferred, to the knowledge of values she must have gained in her unfortunate and criminal career. Things everybody believes aren't always so. Judgment universally pronounced isn't always correct. So I speculated, as the train rushed past Appin, and past Eastwood and Woodstock, where the woman I was thinking of was born, lived and is buried.

LADY GAY.



The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Monica.—Perhaps ere this you have become a full-fledged journalist, but I hardly hope so, when I read your letter of last May, and reflect that you are born under the sign that hesitates, vacillates, and takes so long to decide. "So long it is since I first determined to write," you said, and it will likely be "so long" with you for many a long day, until you take yourself bravely in hand and

cultivate decision. It is a promising hand, with good sequence of thought, care for detail, great volubility and ease of expression, but no dominance. Yes, we had a great time with the Sourdough Tales. Your opinion has received good backing. Your lines have no touch of femininity. You might be just a nice boy.

Carrot Top.—August 15 brings you under Leo, a fire sign, and your writing suggests that the fire is burning pretty bright and hot. To love travel and excitement is very good. If you have the secret of getting the permanent good out of the former and the latter doesn't lead to reaction. The preferences you express in the way of colors and jewels have like Koko's reference to spring flowers: "nothing to do with the case." I felt the gentle atmosphere of the Ladies' Home Journal stealing over me when I read the momentous confession that blue and mauve appealed to you, and that you liked diamonds, pearls and emeralds. Wow! I've opened all the windows. You'll grow up, lady-bird, and then, if your handwriting does not lie, it will be worth while studying your development. You are as bright as you are strong and take excellent care of yourself.

H. L. Dodge, of the Scarborough. —That's a chatty sort of nom de plume. January 27 brings you under Aquarius, an air sign, of which it is said that the strongest and weakest people are children. Naturally highly gifted, it depends upon their own use or abuse of their dower, whether they become vacillating natures, or great blessings to themselves and others. They are apt in any study, trade or profession, absorb information rather than acquire learning, are always agreeable, but sometimes illogical, and can develop great hypnotic power if living on a spiritual plane. The sign represents the nerves and emotion of the man of the Zodiacal signs. The genius of Aquarius is sometimes quenched and buried under a routine of habit and a dogmatic materialism. Know, grasp and improve opportunity and thus overcome the weakness of this fine sign.

Frisky.—May 7 brings you under Taurus, that strong and patient sign, bearing often the burdens of others. You're a rather bright and optimistic child of Taurus, with some business aptness, and probable success. While you are often very positive, you are not dominant, have easy temper, good sequence of ideas, and clarity and honesty of expression. You are practical, careful of details, and will probably improve with experience.

Kit.—August 7 brings you under Leo, a very vital and rousing sign, of which you are a true daughter. Leo's are often madly conservative and very averse to the new order. I think you may easily be that sort. There is plenty of power, magnetism, self-reliance and great faith in humanity shown in your lines. You are not easily appealed to, however, and have never been susceptible. It is a good, strong, individual, pleasant, well-bred sort of writing.

Millicent Chrisfield.—This writing is strong, but not liable to achieve. Writer is careless and undecided, very material and not at all optimistic. Would probably be prone to discouragement and content to envy instead of emulate success. May 13 is fully under Taurus, an earth sign, and badly needing spiritualizing. Writer is discreet, deliberate, generous, and if in earnest, can be ambitious. A sort of ponderous amiability tingles the character rather than an active philanthropy. There is, indeed, some character in your lines, and its well worth developing.

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# The DRAMA

WILLIAM COLLIER and his excellent company will appear at the Princess Theatre next week in the new farce "Caught in the Rain," by Mr. Collier and Grant Stewart. This laughter-provoking farce ran successfully for seven months last season in New York.

This is the story of "Caught in the Rain": Dick Crawford, a young mining engineer, who thinks nothing of risking his life to save an injured workman, but who runs away at the sight of a pretty face, is driven by a terrific storm under the shelter of a protecting awning. There, to his dismay, he finds the prettiest girl he has ever seen, Muriel Mason. He is compelled to entertain her during their enforced stay under the awning, and he tries to believe that he is anxious to get rid of her, but it is very evident that he is in love. Unfortunately for the smoothness of love's course Dick is mistaken as to the identity of the girl, whom he believes to be Nellie Gardiner. When later he has an opportunity to win a fortune by marrying "Miss Muriel Mason," he puts it aside because of his love for another girl. The "other girl" is, of course, the real Muriel Mason. Muriel overhears the rejection of her hand and in ignorance of Dick's mistake as to her identity, accepts the offer of marriage of his rascally partner. The marriage is postponed from time to time and a year later when she and Dick meet at a hunting club in the Rockies all is explained and the bashful young man wins the girl of his choice. As Dick Crawford Mr. Collier is said to have the best role of his career as a star.



Ellen Mortimer  
With William Collier in "Caught in the Rain," at the Princess Theatre next week.

Charles Frohman has surrounded Mr. Collier with a company of exceptional merit. It includes Albert Perry, John Saville, Richard Sterling, Reginald Mason, W. H. Post, Thos. Beauregard, Thomas Martin, Charles Poor, John Adam, Thomas Lennon, Ellen Mortimer, Jane Laurel, Helena Collier-Garrick and Anne Bradley.

"Caught in the Rain" is in three acts and the scenes are laid in Colorado. There will be the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees at the Princess during Mr. Collier's engagement.

Next week Clyde Fitch's three-act play "The Cowboy and the Lady," which had such a long run at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, with Mr. N. C. Goodwin and Miss Maxine Elliot in the leading roles, will be the attraction at the Royal Alexandra Theatre. The scenes of the play are laid in Silverville, Colorado, where Teddy North, a Harvard student, has a ranch. To Silverville come Mrs. and Mrs. Weston from the East. Weston is a scoundrel and his wife knows it. North falls in love with Mrs. Weston, and Weston becomes attentive to Molly Larkins, proprietress of a dance hall, and incurs the hatred of Quick-Foot Jim, a half-breed, who is also in love with Molly.

Mrs. Weston gives a dance in Molly's place and Weston insults North's ward, Midge, a frontier waif. North wishes to fight it out with Weston, but at the request of Mrs. Weston defers the scrimmage. The half-breed sees Weston kissing Molly on the sly and vows vengeance. Weston is coaxing Molly to elope with him. Jim sneaks in, turns out the lights, takes Mrs. Weston's revolver, which she has left lying on the table, and shoots Weston, leaving the revolver beside the dead man, and makes his escape. North in order to protect Mrs. Weston, says he did the shooting. On his own confession he is found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. At the conclusion of the trial, Molly rushes into the court room and declares that North is innocent and that she knows the murderer. Jim shoots at her and thinking he has killed her, confesses the crime. North marries Mrs. Weston and all ends happily. The piece will be staged with special scenery and the western costumes and equipments will be correct in every detail.

Matinees will be given Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Next week's bill at Shea's Theatre will include many new acts and many performers never seen before in Toronto. Among the new features may be mentioned Cameron and Flanagan, presenting "On and Off"; Mr. Dan Burke and his School Girls; Leon Morris and Company, in "A Society Circus"; Kemps' "Tales of the Wild," the Sisters Macarte, and Mullen & Corelli. The kinetograph will show new pictures.

A goodly number of Toronto theatre-goers anticipated with more than usual interest the presentation of "The Right of Way" at the Princess Theatre this week, both the author and the story being Canadian. But it is safe to say the majority of those who have seen the play have been most agreeably surprised. Mr. Eugene W. Presbrey had no slight task before him when he undertook to make a striking and convincing drama from Sir Gilbert Parker's novel. But he has done it. It is a strong play—one, indeed of quite enthralling interest as presented by the capable company entrusted with its initial production. With the story, as Parker wrote it, most readers of this page are familiar. Charley Steele, the cynical and debauched Montreal lawyer, is killed at the Cote Dorian, a drinking resort of rough river men, and is thrown into the St. Lawrence. In the play Steele is not a repulsive or abandoned character. In fact his cynicism is rather attractive, and one feels that those about him are not on his level of intellect or personality. And in the play he does not die when cast into the river. He is saved by Joe Portugais, the faithful French-Canadian voyageur, who takes him to his cabin in the woods two hundred miles away. Here for three years Steele lives a simple, care-free existence, the blow received on the fateful night at the Cote Dorian having blotted out his memory of the past—of his wife and her love for another man, and of all his old unhappy disbelief of the goodness of life. He comes to love Rosalie, a sweet, gentle young girl of the village near Joe's hut. But his memory is restored, and in a fine spirit of renunciation he bids her farewell, knowing his wife to be alive and married again. The second scene is a trifle weak and the fourth is melodramatic, but on the whole the play is powerful.

Guy Standing as Charley Steele acts his role most capably and with much understanding. His love passages with Rosalie are marked by charming restraint and delicacy, and touch the border of spirituality. Miss May Buckley as Rosalie is very tender and sweet. The honors, however, are perhaps due to Theodore Roberts who plays the role of Joe Portugais; at all events the applause is largely his, and is deserved. Mr. Roberts is a gifted and thoroughly capable character actor, and he is the big, rough, simple, good-hearted roving habitant to the life. His work is very fine, indeed, and worthy of all praise. Miss Alice Lannon, who for a long time was leading woman with E. S. Willard, has a trifling part as the wife of Charley Steele, being on the stage but a few minutes. She impersonates the pretty, petulant, cold-blooded wife very well. The other members of the company are fully equal to the demands made upon them, and the play is finely staged.

The Royal Alexandra Dramatic Company are playing "Soldiers of Fortune" this week, and they are putting plenty of spirit into their presentation of this dashing and romantic drama. It is the delight of not a few appraisers of literary wares to poke gentle fun at Richard Harding Davis as a sort of Edward Bok among story-writers. But Davis's stories are mightily entertaining. Many of them are delightful—full of likable people and action and life. "Soldiers of Fortune" is one of his best, and it lends itself well to dramatization. Robert Clay, a resolute, purposeful young engineer, who knows the right forks to use at dinner as well as how to build bridges and direct men, goes to South America to develop iron mines owned by Mr. Langham, a New York capitalist. He is accompanied by the latter's son, Ted. Mr. Langham goes down to look over the works, accompanied by his two daughters, Alice and Hope. A revolution breaks out, and Clay plays the hero, and Hope Langham, the younger of the girls, appreciates his qualities, something that her conventional sister fails to do. One or two of the most dramatic incidents of the story are missing in the play, but it is full of lively action. Mr. Conners as Clay is most effective, and Miss Lasche as Hope Langham is very engaging. The other members of the company fill their roles excellently.

The matter of illusion on the stage has always been a subject of interest to many people, and at the same time a matter requiring the deepest study on the part of play producers. In the modern theatre the most elaborate means are employed for the purpose of creating or fostering the illusion on the stage. Confronted with these magnificent efforts of the modern theatre it is an interesting study to compare them with the simple stage of the Elizabethan period, as represented by Ben Greet and his band of players who are to return to Toronto soon for a dramatic festival week at Massey Hall.

Ben Greet, who has given some twelve or more of Shakespeare's plays in the Elizabethan manner in recent years, has encountered more than one problem in bringing old conditions to meet the new. His company recently gave a remarkable performance of Hamlet in California. The great tragedy was given in the open air, and in the daylight. It was a curious, profitable, impressive experience to thousands of people. There was not the slightest aid in the way of illusion! The ghost walked in the sunlight. "The very witching time of night," was palpably about three in the afternoon, and likewise nearly every condition was nearly as it should not have been.

The stage-manager for Mr. Greet at the time was at his wit's end in trying to meet the requirements of the situation. He finally succeeded in everything as far as possible, excepting the cannon shots for the closing scene. The ordinary method of the theatre—the use of the "thunder-sheet" was impossible, as it sounded in the open air like a thump on a wet log. All sorts of contrivances were discarded, until finally someone suggested the use of real cannons. The militia department was immediately visited and arrangements then and there completed for the use of three cannons and the cannoners. On the day of the performance these men stationed, unseen by the audience, on a hill alongside the amphitheatre. On the instant of the cue—given by Fortinkraz—"go bid the



Ben Greet  
Who with his company of Shakespearean players will appear at Massey Hall during the week of October 28.

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Above is the photograph of the Globe Office as it appeared to Miss G. McNamara before and after her eyes were tested by Dr. Harvey.  
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soldiers, shoot!" a great boom sounded far and wide over the mountain side. The audience was thrilled. Another followed a few moments later; then others in solemn periods until the customary ordinance of seven was given for the dead. At the opening shot, the magnificent Danish dirge began. The effect was thoroughly impressive.

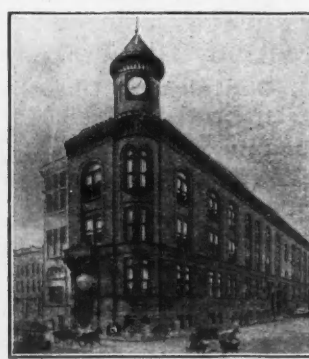
**Never.**  
I have sailed the seas from north to south;  
And I've "shivered my tarry lights";  
I have reefed the bowsprit when the wind  
Was blowing a thousand frights.  
I have scraped the funnels all clean and bright  
(A job that I didn't like),  
But blow me if ever I've seen a man  
"Laid low with a marlinspike."

I've been in the "nest" when the night was pitch  
And the devil was in the seas,  
And I thanked my stars to think that I  
Was safe from the falling trees,  
I have seen the air turn a liquid blue  
When a sailor was slow to hike,  
But blow me if ever I've seen a man  
"Laid low with a marlinspike."

I have boxed the capstan and scrubbed the screw,  
And I know how to tell the time  
By the starboard watch—I'm a stoker, too,  
And I stoke in a way sublime.  
I can "blast my timbers" and give a hitch,  
In storm or in calm alike,  
But blow me if ever I've seen a man  
"Laid low with a marlinspike."  
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

"I will pay your debts to-day, but it is positively for the last time!"  
"Oh, dear uncle, then wait at least until to-morrow!"—Fliegende Blätter.

"Doc, give me something for my headache?" "Did you ever have headache before?" "Nope—usually after."—Cleveland Leader.



Above is the photograph of the Globe Office as it appeared to Miss G. McNamara before and after her eyes were tested by Dr. Harvey.  
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Prices \$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50. Balcony front \$1.  
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The root of every social ill is perverted egotism, says the New York Outlook.

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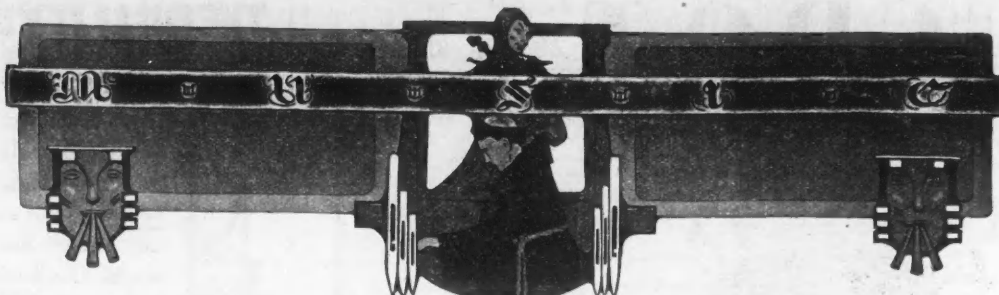
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THE musical season may be said to be in fair swing, and attractive events will follow one another in rapid succession. Manager Houston opened his season with Mark Hambourg, the famous pianist, on Thursday, at Massey Hall. The concert occurred too late in the week for notice in this issue. For next Monday Calve will be the star at Massey Hall. The operatic event of November, at the Princess Theatre, will be the reproduction of Puccini's "Madam Butterfly," by the Savage Company, who have a new list of soloists. A host of recitals by local artists will follow in addition to the annual concerts of our big societies and their associate orchestras, the Thomas, New York Symphony, Pittsburg orchestras. Paderevski and Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler are promised at an early date. The Women's Musical Club have engaged Francis Rogers, the famous baritone from New York, for their concert, November 7, at the Conservatory of Music hall.

Mr. Rhynd Jamieson, the popular baritone, had a new experience at the entertainment in St. Andrew's church, Orangeville, on Wednesday. The lecturer for the evening, having taken the wrong train, did not put in an appearance, and Mr. Jamieson was called to supply the whole programme. He sang fourteen songs in all, being most favorably received and getting a double encore for his first number. He felt somewhat exhausted at the close but was revived on the administration of a cup of coffee.

Miss Frances S. Morris, the solo pianist, announces a recital in the Conservatory of Music hall, on Thursday evening, November 7. She will have the assistance of her pupil, Miss Mary Gzowski, and Mr. Lissant Beardsmore. Tickets may be procured at the office of the Conservatory and at Nordheimer's.

Glowing accounts come to us from Germany about the remarkable violin playing of Kathleen Parlow, a young Canadian just turned seventeen years. Miss Parlow played before an invitation audience of about two hundred and fifty persons, at Berlin, and the critics vied with each other in their commendations. One critic indeed styled her a female Mischa Elman. Miss Parlow is a niece of Mr. G. H. Parlow, of 22 Baldwin street, of this city. She was born in Calgary, Alberta, her father being Charles Parlow of Dundas county, an employee of The Hudson Bay Company. Mr. Parlow died when Kathleen was seven years of age and Mrs. Parlow took her daughter to London a few years ago and arranged for her musical education. Kathleen speedily attracted attention and had the honor of playing before the King and Queen.

A popular Thanksgiving concert will be given on the 31st inst. (Hallows' Eve), in Association Hall, which is sure to be most enjoyable, seeing that the artists engaged are Jessie Alexander, Mrs. Flora McIvor Craig, soprano; George Dixon, tenor; Thomas Galloway, violinist, and Miss Annie McKay, accompanist.

An ever increasing demand is being made this fall upon the services of Mabel Manley Pickard, the local soprano, in connection with concert work throughout Ontario. Mrs. Pickard has already been engaged to sing at Harriston, Colborne, Georgetown, Maxville, Palmerston, Erin, Durham, Schomberg, Blind River, Sault Ste. Marie, St. George, Ingleswood, Elora, Eglinton and Brockville.

Berlin has become the Mecca of music students from all parts of the world, and many of the pilgrims who flock thither are as ignorant as the fanatics who make the trip to the Oriental Mecca. "Times without number young girls present themselves at the consulate or American Woman's Club without any Berlin addresses, with absolutely no knowledge of German, and abysmal ignorance as to the conditions and cost of living. Many of them never find their way to these two safe sources of information, and one shudders to think of the unwritten tragedies which could be unearthed here in Berlin." Thus writes Caroline V.

Kerr in the Musical Leader and Concert-Goer. She says that one of Berlin's best known teachers has lately announced her intention of refusing a pupil who has not an assured allowance of at least \$75 a month. She argues that no one can live comfortably on less, and that unless she has that amount either she will be seriously handicapped in her work, or the teacher will have the uncomfortable feeling that in demanding her usual price she is depriving the pupil of some of the necessities of life.

These necessities cost a good deal more than is commonly supposed. Time was when a mark (twenty-four cents) meant the equivalent of a dollar in Berlin; but that is no longer so. Board and lodging in a "pension" where a young girl away from home alone would be perfectly safe in staying, cost \$30 a month for a small back room, and this may not include light and heat. The best teachers charge \$5 to \$10 a lesson. For the best operas and concerts it is not easy to get seats, especially cheap seats. For Wagner operas, ticket buyers are in line by four o'clock on Sunday morning, on which day the sale of seats for the week begins. The writer quoted concludes that "it would almost seem to be a spirit of adventure which brings so many American girls abroad to study. The necessity of their coming is not apparent, when one considers the legion ranks of good teachers in every possible field of musical instruction in America."

The following programme is to be presented at the annual concert of the Toronto College of Music, at Massey Hall, on Thursday evening, October 24: (Piano) Hiller—Concerto Op. 69, 2nd and 3rd movements; Mendelssohn—Caprice Brilliant; Chopin—Concerto Op. 11, 1st movement; Chopin—Polonaise in E flat; Beethoven—Concerto in C minor; Tchaikovsky—Concerto Op. 23; Moszkowski—Concerto Op. 59; (Vocal) Sullivan—"The Lost Chord"; Donizetti—"O luce di quest'anima" (Linda di Chamounix); Mercadante—"Ah, s'estinto ancor mi vuoi" (Donna Caritea); Verdi—"Ah, fors e lui" (La Traviata); Handel—"Why do the Nations" (Messiah). Each number will be accompanied by the Toronto Orchestra, under the direction of Dr. F. H. Torrington. The plan will open at Massey Hall on Monday, October 21, when all ticket holders can reserve their seats.

Apparently they are going to substitute the laryngoscope for the ear, at the Paris Conservatoire, in determining whether a candidate has any chance of success as a singer. At any rate, a book has just been issued entitled "La Voix sa Culture physiologique" by Pierre Bonnier, who is a lecturer at that institution, and who closes his volume with details regarding the results obtained by a clinical examination, by laryngoscope and otherwise, of forty-four voices of persons who desired to become professional singers. Of that whole number only eight were chosen, the others being rejected as having such qualities that no amount of training could efficiently fit them for a *carriere lyrique*. If the laryngoscope is to decide, physicians may be quite as competent as teachers to make a vocal diagnosis; and what is more, they will be more reliable than any teacher, for they will not be tempted by the prospect of remunerative lessons to encourage unpromising candidates.

The most prolific of living composers is Max Reger. Though only thirty-four years old, he has already written his opus 100, and he is in such a hurry to double that number that he has given up teaching and has determined to appear next season at only twelve concerts. Among his latest works are a set of variations and a fugue, some chamber music pieces, a composition for chorus and orchestra, a violin concerto, and a new set of songs. Yet Max Reger has even less to say than Richard Strauss. Quality and melody are the things wanted now, as always.

Walter Niemann contributes an enthusiastic article on Max Reger to the June number of Westermann's Monatshefte, in which he says that Reger is most closely allied to Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms, of all the masters. He admits he has no mel-

ody, in the usual sense of the word, as we find it in the classic or romantic masters, but finds much personal charm, nevertheless, in his "poetic prose" and his almost complete obliteration of tonality. His best works are, he thinks, those for organ and piano, and his chamber music. "As a composer for the organ, he far surpasses all who wrote for that instrument in the last century." Concerning the songs, however, Niemann remarks that he "cannot share the opinion of those who attach to them great importance and believe in their lasting value."

The question whether pianists should memorize all the music they play in public is receiving more and more attention. Liszt, Rubinstein, and Bulow played everything without notes, and since their time it has been considered absolutely necessary that all players should do the same thing. Pugno being the only eminent pianist who has had the courage to play with the notes before him. The October Etude devotes a few pages to the discussion of this topic. One of the writers is Arthur Foote, who presents the argument for both sides. He thinks that most persons that are able to play well in concert get better results by playing from memory. "Greater concentration and freedom are obtained for the work in hand, and we consequently have the ability to listen more keenly and sympathetically." Another important point is, he thinks, that insufficient preparation is discouraged. On the other hand, Mr. Foote, who is himself one of the best American pianists, especially in chamber music, concedes that the general feeling on this question is too strong. "It should not be regarded as a necessity to play from memory, nor as something almost creditable to use one's notes. There are players who (often from nervousness) really do not play so well if the moral support of the printed pages before them is withdrawn; it would be unwise for such persons to submit themselves to that handicap." Why not combine the two ways? A pianist can memorize his pieces thoroughly, yet have some one turn the leaves for him, so he can look for a moment if he must. If Rubinstein had followed this plan, he would not have been so much tormented in the last few years of his career by distrust of his memory.

The Sherlock Male Quartette will sing next week at Huntsville, North Bay, Parry Sound, Bracebridge and Dundas.

November will see the first production in New York of "Tom Jones," by one of the foremost English composers, Edward German. It will be sung by Henry W. Savage's company, and Robert Courtneidge is coming over from England to stage it.

The operettas of Johann Strauss, unlike those of most other composers, retain their popularity from decade to decade. In nearly all the German and Austrian cities they are always in the repertory of the comic opera houses, and not infrequently in that of the theatres devoted to grand opera. The artistic value of the operatic music of Strauss is being more and more recognized, and efforts are made to present it in the best style. Quite a sensation was created the other day in Leipzig by the beautiful setting of the "Gypsy Baron," provided for the opening night of the Neues Operetten Theatre. It had been sketched by the eminent Berlin painter Leo Impekoven, and the performance itself was on an equally high level. More and more the Germans are endorsing the Berlin motto: "If we must have Richard, let it be Wagner; if we must have Strauss, let it be Johann."

The latest English operatic novelty is "Sareena," by Herman Lohr. It was produced by the Moody-Manners Company in London. Judging by the critical accounts, it is a queer combination of English ballads, Wagner, and Puccini, three things about as compatible as a dish consisting of red lemonade, beefsteak and rice pudding.

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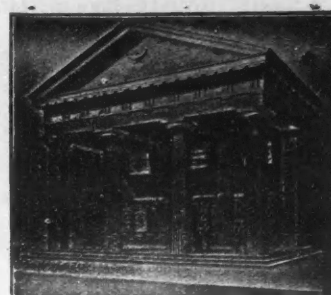
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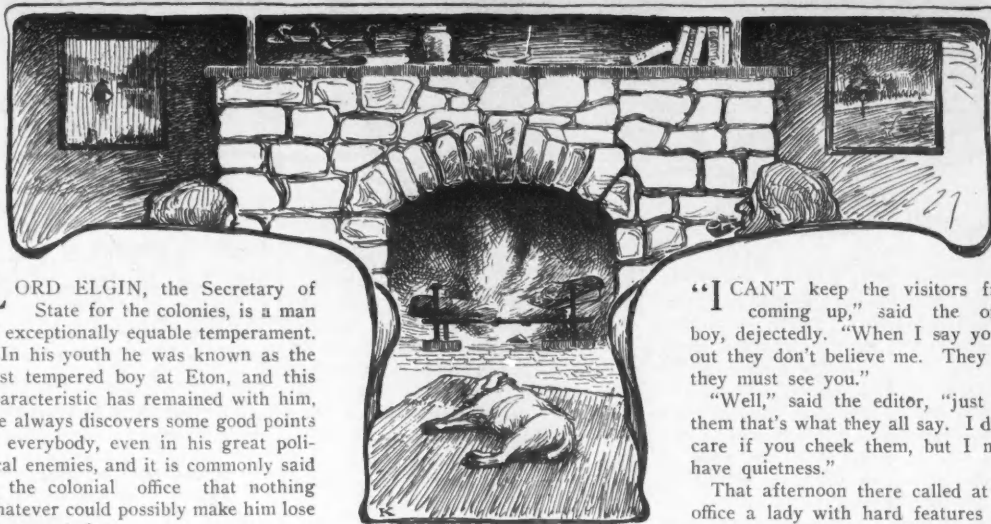
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But he did find a limit to his patience on one occasion. It was while he was riding one morning in Simla, when he was viceroy of India. His lordship is by no means a good horseman, and his steed required all his attention. Presently an aide-de-camp rode up to him.

"Sir John Smith," he said, "requests the honor of joining your excellency. He has some communication to make."

**B**EAU NASH was not entirely a butterfly, as is proved by the following anecdote: His father was a partner in a glass business at Swansea. This was little known, and the Duchess of Marlborough once twitted him with the obscurity of his birth.

"Madam," replied Nash, "I seldom mention my father in company, not because I have any reason to be ashamed of him, but because he has some reason to be ashamed of me."

**P**OULTNEY BIGELOW, the famous traveler, was giving some advice to a young man who was about to join for the first time the great army of tourists on its annual trip across the Atlantic. Mr. Bigelow adverted to the extraordinary amount of painting that goes on aboard an ocean liner.

"On a certain ship, one day," he said, "I put my hand on a freshly painted ventilator, and, while removing the white smear, I fell into conversation with the seaman who was responsible for the trouble. He was an elderly chap, and he had visited many outlandish places. As he plied the brush we had an interesting chat."

"How long have you been a sailor?" said I finally.

"Sailor?" the old man grumbled, dipping his brush in the can. "Bless yer heart, sir, I'm no sailor nowadays. I'm a bloomin' artist, that's wot I am."

**A** MAN from the East said that on a Western trip he rode across the prairies in a train that hardly went faster than a walk. Cattle, dogs and tramps passed him. Finally, in a desolate place, the train stopped. The passengers began to fume and fuss. Why this stoppage? What could be the matter?

In the midst of the angry turmoil the conductor came slinking through the car. He bent over the Easterner, and with a shamefaced air whispered: "Say, have you got a piece of string about you? We want to fix the engine."

**A** WELL-KNOWN Scottish architect was travelling in Palestine recently, when news reached him of an addition to his family circle. The happy father immediately provided himself with some water from the Jordan, to carry home for the christening of the infant, and returned to Scotland.

On the Sunday appointed for the ceremony he duly presented himself at the church, and sought out the beadle, in order to hand over the precious water to his care. He pulled the flask from his pocket, but the beadle held up a warning hand, and came near to whisper: "No the noo, sir," he said; "no the noo. Maybe after the kirk's oot!"

**DR. INGRAM**, Bishop of London, is a learned ecclesiastic, but he declared that at times young children, of whom he is extravagantly fond, upset him badly with their questions. Once he was addressing a gathering of poor children, and at the close of his remarks invited any boy or girl to ask him questions. The Bishop answered several, but was finally floored by a little girl, who asked:

"Please, sir, why did the angels walk up and down Jacob's ladder when they had wings?"

Dr. Ingram escaped by blandly inquiring:

"What little boy or girl would like to answer that question?"

"I LIKE simplicity," said a senator the other day. "Simplicity saves us a lot of trouble, too."

"Two men met in front of the Blank Hotel the other day and fell into a political argument. They were ordinary, every-day sort of men, but one of them had an extraordinary flow of polysyllabic language. He talked half an hour, and his companion listened in a daze."

"And now," the speaker pompously concluded, "perhaps you will coincide with me?"

"The other's face brightened up."

"Why, yes; thanks, old man," he answered heartily, moving toward the barroom door, "I don't care if I do."

**A**BELLEVILLE girl and a young man, both of whom had steady jobs, were married the other day. The day after they were married the girl said to her fond husband:

"Oh George! now that we are married there is only one thing I regret, and that is that I have to give up my fine position."

The fond young husband stroked the silken tresses of the young wife's hair and soothingly replied:

"Now, darling, don't worry. You needn't give up your position. I'll give up mine."

**A** WELL-KNOWN novelist spoke recently at a prominent club about the wonders of modern invention. He said:

"There was an old fisherman rowing in his boat, one day, when an automobile canoe sprung a leak near him and immediately sank."

"To the indignation of the canoe's occupants, the old man paid no heed to them, but rowed calmly on his way, pulling at an old clay pipe."

"However, the wrecked canoeists managed to swim to him, and as they clambered into his boat spluttered angrily:

"Confound you, why didn't you lend us a hand? Didn't you see we were sinking?"

"The old man took his pipe out of his mouth, and stared at them in astonishment."

"Blessed if I didn't think ye wuz one o' them new-fangled submarines," he said."

**S**IR HENRY HAWKINS, the famous English judge, was always a horseman, but was reminded even on the racetrack of his reputation as a hanging judge. His friend, Lord Falmouth, was running two horses in the same race, under magpie colors, and, to distinguish the second, he ordered Archer, the jockey, to wear a black cap. But a black cap was nowhere to be found at the moment when the race was due. At this moment Judge Hawkins emerged from the "bird-cage," and was recognized by Archer, who shouted out to Fordham:

"We are all right now. Here comes Harry Hawkins, and he is sure to have a black cap in his pocket!"

**N**ATIVE servants in India have the generally desirable, although sometimes inconvenient, virtue of the Chinese—doing exactly as they are told. The trouble is that they seldom use judgment.

Lord Roberts, during a campaign in India, had ordered his man to prepare his bath at a certain hour. One day a fierce engagement was going on, but the servant made his way through a storm of bullets, and appeared at the commander's side.

"Sahib," said he, "your bath is ready."

Even a better story comes from an unknown soldier, who was awakened one morning by feeling the servant of a brother officer pulling at his foot.

"Sahib," whispered the man, "what am I to do? My master told me to wake him at half-past six, but he did not go to bed until seven."

"I CAN'T keep the visitors from coming up," said the office boy, dejectedly. "When I say you're out they don't believe me. They say they must see you."

"Well," said the editor, "just tell them that's what they all say. I don't care if you cheek them, but I must have quietness."

That afternoon there called at the office a lady with hard features and an acid expression. She wanted to see the editor, and the boy assured her that it was impossible.

"But I must see him!" she protested. "I'm his wife!"

"That's what they all say," replied the boy.

That is why he found himself on the floor, with the lady sitting on his neck and smacking his head with a ruler, and that is why there is a new boy wanted there.

**A** POLITICIAN who is a great walker was recently out for a tramp along a country road, when, after going a few miles, he sat down to rest.

"Want a lift, mister?" asked a good natured farmer driving that way.

"Thank you," responded Mr. Lorimer, "I will avail myself of your kind offer."

The two rode in silence for awhile. Presently the teamster asked: "Professional man?"

"Yes," answered Lorimer, who was thinking of a bill he had pending before the House.

After another long pause the farmer observed: "Say, you ain't a lawyer or you'd be talkin'; you ain't a doctor, 'cause you ain't got no satchel, and you shore ain't a preacher, from the looks of you. What is your profession, anyhow?"

"I am a politician," replied Lorimer.

The farmer gave a snort of disgust. "Politics ain't no profession; politics is a disorder."

\*\*\*

**MR. GEORGE MARSHALL**, a philanthropist who has always kept a sharp lookout never to be wasteful, decided to go for a week's camping, taking as his guests some ragged street urchins. One morning he used the bits of meat left from the evening before, and made hash for breakfast. There was some left over, which he concluded to reheat and serve again at noon.

"Johnnie, will you have some hash?" he asked one lad.

"Bet yer life," replied the lad, who was constitutionally hungry.

"Peter, pass your plate for some hash,"—to another freckled-nosed lad.

"Not if I knows it," was the unexpected reply.

"I thought you liked hash, from the way you ate it this morning," replied Mr. Marshall.

"I did like it for breakfast," replied the lad, "but none of yer review of reviews for me for dinner."

\*\*\*

**L**EAVING the key of an empty house with a neighbor in order that likely tenants may inspect the premises is common. The owner of a house in an eastern city has for good reason decided to keep the key of his house himself for the future.

Hearing that some one had been "looking over" the house, the landlord called on the old woman who had been entrusted with the key.

"Well, Mrs. —," he said. "So you've had a party after the house?"

"I'm not too sure," was the reply.

"Want time to think it over, maybe?"

"No, I don't think he does. What he wants is an opportunity. When he got the key he went across the street, and as I heard nothing from him for an hour or so, I followed. He'd taken all the door knobs and every ounce of lead about the place, but he'd left the house. Maybe he's coming back for that, too, as he didn't return the key."

**A**NDREW CARNEGIE tells of an old Scotch lady who had no great liking for modern church music. One day she was expressing her dislike of the singing of an anthem in her own church, when a friend said:

"Why, that anthem is a very ancient one. David sang it to Saul."

"Weel, weel!" said the old woman.

"I noo for the first time understand why Saul threw his javelin at David when the lad sang for him."

**THE QUALITY OF "QUALITY BEDS"**

leaves nothing to be desired. Dainty and in harmony with any furnishings, "Quality Beds" possess all the quality that modern machinery and capable mechanics can put into brass bed making.

**QUALITY BEDS, LIMITED,  
WELLAND, ONT.**

**THE LUXURY OF RESTFUL SLEEP**

You will never know what a difference the bed makes until you try a Hercules Spring Bed. All the bed troubles you know about: sagging in the middle, stretching out of shape, no spring to it—are ABSENT from the

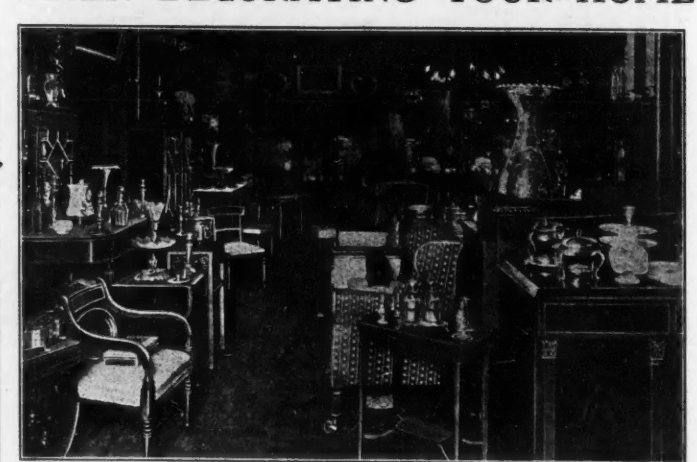
**Hercules Spring Beds**

The patent interlacing gives 5 times the wear, 5 times the strength, 5 times the spring 5 times the comfort of the ordinary bed.

If you want to enjoy the luxury of restful sleep, have your dealer send a Hercules Spring Bed. Sleep on it for 30 nights. If you are not perfectly satisfied, and do not think it the best bed you ever saw, return it and the dealer will refund your money.

This is the Hercules guarantee that goes with every bed.

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**WHEN DECORATING YOUR HOME**

just arrange to visit these beautiful display rooms; furniture of worth in all styles of finish; beautiful creations, all of them.

Also treasures in rare old Silverware and China.

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ANTIQUE FURNITURE  
—China and Silverware—**

**ALLSOPP'S  
Lager,  
Pale  
Ale,  
Stout.**

**THE DELIGHT OF  
CONNOISSEURS.**

There is every reason why this should be.

Not only are ALLSOPP'S products brewed with the greatest care and by the highest skill; but they, moreover, have as their basis, pure spring water, and the finest malt and hops.

**BOTTLED AT THE BREWERY,  
BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND.**

Distiller's Agency Limited, Toronto.

## The University Magazine

The McGill Professors keep alight their Beacon in this dark age of Journalism and Literature.

THE October quarterly number of The University Magazine proves very readable, although still somewhat oppressed by its sense of responsibility as the only clear light shining in a land otherwise steeped in darkness. Nor does it accord space to any writer who would stoop to humor. R. W. Ellis produces arguments and comparative figures which lead him to the conclusion "that the much-talked-of Hudson Bay railway, if immediately built, cannot hope to prove a financial success." Dr. Andrew Macphail, pointing out "The Patience of England," and a writer signing himself "XXX," defending "British Diplomacy in Canada," show which way the wind blows in the editorial offices of this quarterly. E. W. Thomson and John Lewis, mere journalists, contribute articles which go to show that when put to it a newspaper man can be as wise as the next one.

Perhaps the most interesting paper is that of Archibald MacLise, who writes on "The American Newspaper" and scores it unmercifully. He explains that he means the United States newspaper, no doubt because its faults are more fully developed than those of its Canadian contemporary. With much said by the writer every reader must agree, but not with all.

"The average man," he says, "picks up his newspaper with the desire to be informed, not to excite himself. When a war is in progress, he would gladly learn of the events and the sequence to them. He is served instead with ungrammatical bombast about the shrieking and whizzing of the shells, the drumming of the Maxims, and the leaden hail and rain which the Mausers vomit forth. Instead of a well ordered account of the battle, such as Mr. Russel, or Mr. Godkin, or Mr. Burleigh, or Mr. Williams used to give us fifty years ago, we get an account of the 'impressions' which are conveyed to a mind in a condition of hysteria. Mr. Kipling does this kind of thing naturally, because he retains his senses. The average correspondents in their efforts to rival the performance of that great writer only succeed in throwing themselves into a fit. They leap upon the altar, They cry aloud. They cut themselves after their manner with knives, but there is none to answer nor any to regard."

"There are signs that the people are tired of the farce, and that soon the lights will be out and the audience gone home. All art passes through this stage. In the early days of the vaudeville a negro and a flapstick were considered sufficient for an evening's entertainment. Towards the finish of the programme one got tired. But the average newspaper writer is the last man in the world to discern the hopeful end. The reporter of the baseball game continues his buffoonery every morning, repeating his jargon which was always tiresome when Kelly slid and Casey went to the bat. The sporting editor yet 'breezes' his horses, 'works' them 'on the flat,' or 'lifts' them 'over the timber.' The pugilists are as of old time 'gluttons for punishment,' and their 'blows will not be denied.' All sensible persons must yearn for the time when the 'yellow metal' will have disappeared, when the fiery element will be quenched, and the 'palatial hostilities' closed, when the 'speckled beauties' will have vanished with the other members of the 'finny tribe,' and the 'kings' of cotton, lumber and wheat will have gone with the 'merchant princes' to their own place."

Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Postmaster-General, writes on "The Intellectual Preference," an explanation of the policy of his department in securing a reduction on the postage of newspapers and periodicals coming from Great Britain to Canada, and, necessarily, an increase in the postage on similar matter entering Canada from the United States. The increased postage on papers and periodicals from the Republic was not a tax on knowledge, but the withdrawal of a special subsidy paid on and only to outside publications entering Canada from the United States.

W. J. Derome writes in praise of the "Religious Education" of Quebec. He is satisfied with it. He prefers it to any other. He says: "In a system so completely organized as that which we are trying to understand every child of the three hundred thousand in Quebec is individually considered by the cure; because the Catholic church has made the simple discovery that children

differ in mental receptiveness and in capacity for moral development. The average child is best adapted for carrying on his father's business; whether it be farming, lumbering or trading. He is provided with religious instruction in abundance, because he has a soul to be saved, and with such simple knowledge as his station in life seems to require. But the boy of unusual talent is set apart. The bishop hears of him, and there is a rivalry as to which college shall have the privilege of educating him. It is quite true that the prime object of the bishop is to enrich the priesthood, and boys are well aware that good behavior must go with natural endowment. If the pupil does not develop those peculiar qualities of which he gave promise, he is quickly directed into one of the professions which in turn is enriched by this picked talent." Or in other words the church takes its pick; then law, medicine or politics get second choice, while all others get a common or garden education. If it works well it must work better than it reads to an outsider.

"It is said that Hon. Gedeon Oumet was the last born of a family of twenty-six children," he writes. "His father took him to church to be christened and presented him to the parish priest as a tithe. In the province of Quebec the 26th part of the increase arising from the profits of the land is allotted to the clergy for their support. The cure accepted the offering and paid for the education of this novel tithe."

### The Butterfly.

Its radiant gauze hath left a gorgeous stain  
Of sun-like hue athwart the printed leaf,  
While all the velvet dust from its last pain  
Sifts down the page, and clings as  
useless grief  
Clings to the futile memory of man.

Dead butterfly across the living  
Thought—  
Type of immortal hope through  
mortal pain;  
To the world's solace a brave Spirit  
wrought  
Its fair white dreams of all Life's  
love and gain—  
Gold-stained and velvet-dusted  
on the page.

Drift the white Dreams, and clings  
the dark, soft dust—  
Vanishing dust above the deathless  
Word;  
World-old the Dream, world-old the  
Love, the Trust;  
To-day hath hearkened to the Past  
and heard  
The Song Immortal from its  
ashen lips.  
—Bertha York-Grant, in The Bookman.

Mr. Sothorn has named his new play "The Fool Hath Said in His Heart, There Is No God." That is a very good name for a play, says Life, and will doubtless set a fashion for longer titles than those we have hitherto been accustomed to. It is not impossible, for instance, that John Drew will be billed to appear in a comedy by Henry Arthur Jones, entitled "His Patent Leather Pumps Would Have Been a Better Fit if He Hadn't Bought Them Ready Made," and Miss Maude Adams' next venture may, though we don't say that it will, be a Barrie farce named "If Sandy Hadn't Fozzled on the Thirteenth Hole He Never Would Have Used the Language That First Attracted Lady Babbie's Widowed Heart to His Personal Pulchritude." These titles will all look well on a three-sheet poster, but to a man coming home at night and trying to tell an indignant wife where he has been they may present certain grave difficulties.

Robert Fitzsimmons, as the most perfect modern production of the Roman gladiator, is to be sculptured in marble and placed side by side with the statues of the ancient fighters for the instruction of future generations in the physical development of the twentieth century. The former champion prize-fighter of the world has been picked by Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor, as the best specimen of muscular development, and the hero of four hundred battles will sit every day this fall while the artist makes a statue of him.

Weary Walker—De world's all wrong. Tired Tatters—Wot's eatin' youse now? Weary Walker—Ef I'd a had de makin' uv it I'd made all de roads runnin' down hill.—Chicago News.

She—I heard about the elopement. Has her mother forgiven them? He—I think not. I understand she has gone to live with them.—Illustrated Bits.

## The Guardians of the North

A Northwest Mounted Policeman Tells of the Wild, Adventurous Life of the Representatives of Canadian Law and Order in the Far, Summerless Zone.

INTERESTING visitors in a constant stream pass through the cities of the Canadian West, and the reporters on the newspapers in Winnipeg, Edmonton, Calgary, and every centre large or small along the route from the lakes to the Pacific, have many opportunities for obtaining picturesque interviews. But of all the men who turn up from odd corners of the world to smoke their cigars and relate their experiences in western hotel corridors, few have such real stories of real interest to tell as members of the Mounted Police force, who, after seeing service in the far north, come down for a breathing time to the borders of civilization. The other day there arrived in Winnipeg a party of eight of these intrepid men who have just completed three years of arduous, adventurous service in the great frozen, unknown land of mystery, extending from Fort Churchill to Cape Fullerton. In the party were Sergeant J. D. Nicholson, who came in from Fort Churchill; Leslie Laing, York Factory; H. Perity and F. E. Heaps, both of Cape Fullerton N. W. M. P. posts.

To a newspaper reporter Sergeant Nicholson gave some idea of conditions and circumstances that enter into the life of the patrol man in the far northern circle of illimitable ice and snow. He has spent two years at Cape Fullerton. Roughly speaking, it is approaching 1,800 miles north of Winnipeg, so far north that distances are incalculable to the untravelled, and where, when the Northwest policeman goes on a beat that requires months to cover it once, he knows after he leaves the fort it is chance alone whether he ever returns.

"We had a particularly rough time coming in," said Sergeant Nicholson. "Leaving Fort Churchill on the first of September, it took twenty-five days of rough travel to reach McLeod's place at Cross Lake, Norway House. In all my twenty years' service it was about the toughest experience I ever went through. The weather was outrageously bad, but the pace set by the Indians in the officers' canoe leading, was a gruelling one at the start, but towards the finish they didn't have much on the white man. We went in by steamer to Fort Churchill and the boys stationed at Cape Fullerton reached the quarters there by water. That is easy enough, and the acme of comfort so far as the north goes, to go in by the straits and across the bay, but we came out by way of Nelson river, and I know now from personal experience why the Hudson Bay Company used the Haines river. If we had come that way we would have saved several days' time."

"The portages were most trying, and one day we made only two and a half miles. The Nelson river drops between 400 and 500 feet in the first hundred miles, just enough along that entire distance to compel you to take your canoes out of the water and carry them quite 100 miles."

"On September 16 we were in a pitiable plight. It was the first of the usual September storms, and sleet and snow fell until for eight days we did not have a dry stitch of clothing on us. Up to the knees in mud, and long hauls through the brush, such an experience would deter any man from going back."

"At Cape Fullerton the police are simply doing exploration work, and custom collecting, and, I presume, seeing that no invaders annex any territory under the pretext of discovery. The American whalers came into the Hudson's Bay for a three year expedition. They have to be looked after and the customs dues paid. It is the duty of the Mounted Police patrol, which covers half a continent, to watch the northern latitude for anything and everything. It is not possible to define the exact duties of the R. N. W. M. P. A man of the boundary of patrol limits is very much an arbitrator of all things under his observation in the tremendous territory that he covers on his beat. He has instructions, of course, and is amenable to discipline, but he is the only judge of circumstances, and his report must be acceptable. At times his experiences are bitter in the extreme."

"Men who are not equal to the risk are not sent on such rounds. Trips from the Fullerton capes stamp a man as equal to any circumstances of endurance or resourcefulness that may arise. You may take it for granted that men like my friend Heap here, and Mr. Verity, who have done their two or three years at the Cape, have

# "Fashion-Craft"

## Fall Overcoats

Double Breasted Prussian Collars . . . . . \$20  
"Chamberlain" Paletots \$25  
The Chester . . . . . \$30



## Business Suits

Imported English Worsted from the best mills, all fall weights . . . . . \$25

## Fall Opening Crowned with Success

- "Fashion-Craft" shops now provide for the best dressers in Canada. This has been proven this Fall by the class of purchasers that are keeping every shop busy showing Fall Styles Galore.
- Materials the very best, in an abundance of patterns exclusively "Fashion-Craft."
- Everything in Fall clothes for men, and remember nothing but high class goods.

"High Art in Clothesdom," a handsome illustrated folder, for the asking.

P. BELLINGER, Prop.  
Manning Arcade  
22 King St. West

DRINK  
DELICIOUS REFRESHING  
**Coca-Cola**  
THE SATISFYING BEVERAGE

received the training that fits them for any demands that can be made upon men who go as far beyond the frontiers of civilization. Hardships, however, only occur among a people who never leave the confines of urban life. Our provisions are always good. In some respects ours is the finest life in the world. There is no liquor allowed in the posts, which some of us often regret, but it is the best. Liquor and salt mean scurvy. We have very little of that, although we live principally on canned vegetables. The men out on long patrols live on the country for both food and furs."

"Is the ship stripped to repel boarders?" "No, to repel souvenir fiends."  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## THE CHILD'S CLAIM

upon its parent does not end with clothes, food and shelter. There's one more. A photographic record of its youth is a legitimate claim—in fact it's almost a necessity. Many parents realize this.

## DO YOU?

J. KENNEDY - 107 King Street West  
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**Bell**  
**Autonola**

The BELL PLAYERPIANO is TWO PIANOS IN ONE. It can be played by hand in the usual way. It can be played by the non-player with the aid of music roll and treadles.

This instrument in the home means music whenever any member of the household may wish it, for ANYONE can play this ideally beautiful piano.

You should call and try this piano for yourself at

**Bell Piano Warerooms**  
146 Yonge St. Pianos Rented



**FREE**  
**A Pair of Dainty**  
**PIN CURLS**

The fashion of wearing pretty alluring Pin Curls at advantageous places upon the head which has gained such vogue in Europe, is gaining ground here daily. To give it an additional impetus we are going to present every lady patron who purchases a Pompadour Bang, a Fine Switch, or a Becoming Wave, with a pair of these Pin Curls. They are new and strikingly effective in rounding out the coiffure.

This is a very unusual offer and will be open for a limited time only.

**REMEMBER THE PLACE**

**The Pember Store**  
Leaders of HAIR FASHIONS  
127-129 YONGE ST.  
Bring this announcement with you or if you order by mail enclose it.

**Joint Accounts**

Two or more persons may open a joint account with The Home Bank of Canada, and deposit or withdraw money by cheque over their individual name. This arrangement is most convenient for man and wife, especially if the husband has to travel and cannot always reach home by the week end. In case of the death of either party conducting a joint account, the amount on deposit becomes the property of the surviving participant without any process of law. To simplify the management of your household, or your own and your partner's business, arrange with us to conduct a joint account. We pay full compound interest on savings accounts.

1854 THE 1854  
**HOME BANK**  
of CANADA.

**Lace**  
**Curtains**  
**Cleaned**

We repeat the story, that it is here your finest curtains can be cleaned in a most satisfactory manner.

**R. PARKER & CO.**  
Dyers and Cleaners, Toronto.

431 and 791 Yonge St., 59 King St. W., 471  
and 1824 Queen St. W., 277 Queen St. W.

**WANTED**  
Small Residence in Rosedale. Full Particulars. Apply Box 123, Saturday Night.

## Social and Personal

ON October 8 the marriage of Mr. Charles Glenholme Ellis, second son of Mr. John F. Ellis, and Miss Edith Lyle Owen, daughter of Mr. C. L. Owen, of Campbellford, was celebrated at the home of the bride's parents, Rev. A. C. Reeves, assisted by Rev. A. Menzies, officiating. The ceremony took place in the drawing room, where the bay window was garlanded with autumn leaves and flowers, for the bridal group. Miss Owen wore white lace over chiffon and satin, and her veil was the same worn by the groom's mother at her marriage, with a crown of orange blossoms. The bouquet was of roses and lily of the valley. Miss Waters, of Utica, was bridesmaid, in pink crepe de soie over taffeta, and Mr. Horace Burritt, of Toronto was best man. Mr. Owen brought in the bride and gave her away. A dejeuner of delicious and tempting courses was served after the ceremony and a very happy party enjoyed it. Among those at the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. John F. Ellis and their youngest son, Mr. and Mrs. J. Maughan Ellis, of Brantford. The bride's mother wore a handsome black silk gown with white lace, and Mrs. J. F. Ellis wore cream crepe de chene over violet, with a blue and violet hat. Many handsome gifts were sent to the bride and groom, who will make their home in Brantford after the honeymoon, which they spent in New York.

Mrs. Osborne, of Clover Hill, and her children have sailed for Canada and will be home very soon.

Mr. Stephen Haas has removed to 130 St. George street, which residence has been completely metamorphosed and will make a lovely home. Mr. and Mrs. Alan Sullivan will move in from Long Branch shortly to 10 Madison avenue.

A venturesome cabman was showing off St. George street to strangers during a drive. "That," said he, indicating a certain fine residence, "is the home of Mrs. M., a very rich widow." As Mrs. M.'s husband was passing at the moment, the description gave him a species of shock.

Mrs. Parkyn Murray gave a large tea on Wednesday in honor of her visitor, Mrs. Forgan, who received with her. The hostess and the guest of honor were a dainty and pretty pair of young matrons in white lace, and beautifully coiffed fair hair. Mrs. Warrington assisted in the drawing room, in a black lace and ribbon gown over white, and pretty Mrs. Spain (Bertha Murray), in a raspberry pink gown, had her own little reception corner also. Mrs. Jack Murray in a dashing black velvet gown and hat matronized a bevy of girls helping in the tea room where a bountiful table was decorated with golden and white mums. An orchestra played in a nook in the hall, and the women and girls did their best to drown it out with merry chatter and peals of mirth. It was an unusually jolly tea. The house was lovely with quantities of flowers.

His Excellency the Governor-General opened the Evangelia Home on Wednesday, and was entertained at dinner at the Toronto Club by the directors. During his stay in town His Excellency was the guest of Sir Mortimer Clark at Government House.

Colonel and Mrs. Greville-Harston are settled in a nice apartment at the Arlington, and Mrs. Greville-Harston is so much stronger this fall that she is able to go about and see her friends. Mr. and Mrs. Clinch are also back at the Arlington.

On Monday Colonel and Mrs. Kenyon-Stowe gave a cheery little dinner at the Hunt Club, among their guests being Mr. and Mrs. George Evans, Mr. Blackstock and Mr. Scott-Harden. Colonel and Mrs. Kenyon-Stowe left for England yesterday, sailing on the Lusitania.

Mr. and Mrs. George Ridout and family have returned to 86 St. ... street. Mrs. Ridout will receive on Tuesdays.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Coulthard and Master Harold Coulthard, who have been staying with Mrs. Clifford Rolph in Roxborough street, have returned to their home in Barrie.

Mrs. Frank MacKelcan is settling her Lanes and Penates in her new home, 575 Huron street.

The following postnuptial receptions are announced: Mrs. Ross Mac-

kinnon, La Plaza, third and fourth Mondays; Mrs. Gerrard Noble, 237 Carlton street, October 24, afternoon and evening; Mr. F. J. Foy, 11 Langley place, October 24; Mrs. Frank H. Stark (nee Kerr), November 5, afternoon and evening; Mrs. Tuer (nee Cockburn), 42 Delaware avenue, October 18; Mrs. John Nelson Stone, Orde street, October 18, afternoon and evening; Mrs. James N. Mackenzie, 120 Balmoral avenue, October 18.

The anniversary of Mrs. William Hill's 90th birthday was celebrated on Tuesday, October 15, by a meeting of her numerous descendants in the city of Toronto, at which a birthday cake with ninety candles was one of the prominent features of the feast.



Mrs. Hill has resided in Toronto for the last seventy-two years, having been born in England on the 15th of October, 1817. She was married to the late William Hill by Dean Grasett at St. James' Cathedral in 1835. Mrs. Hill has living at the present time one son and six daughters, twenty-eight grandchildren and thirty-five great-grandchildren. Mrs. Hill is in perfect health and looks more like a woman of sixty than ninety.

The Victoria Club Ball is the big event of next week. It will be held on Thursday night.

Mrs. R. S. Cassels, 93 Bedford road, will give a tea on Friday, Oct. 25, to introduce her daughter.

The marriage of Miss Grace Electa Allen and Mr. Alfred Hawes will take place on Thursday, October 24, at twelve o'clock, in the Congregational church, Sinsbury, Connecticut. A reception will follow at the residence of Mrs. Charles Boughton Wood, cousin of the bride.

**A REMARKABLE INSTRUMENT**  
THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL UPRIGHT PIANOS MADE IN CANADA.  
(From the Toronto Globe).

There is on exhibition in the window of the warerooms of the Gerhard Heintzman, Limited, 97 Yonge street, a truly remarkable pianoforte, which on examination, affords convincing proof of sound and substantial work on the part of the maker. It is the third of the first eight upright pianos constructed by Mr. Gerhard Heintzman himself more than forty years ago. Although the instrument has been in constant use since the day of its sale, and has never undergone any repairs or alterations, it looks almost in as good condition as a new piano, with the single exception that the keys have been worn almost to the surface of the wood. The action and sounding board seem to be in fine order. The tone, moreover, has not acquired that jingly, tinny quality so characteristic of the average old instrument. The piano, which was returned to the Gerhard Heintzman Company in exchange for one of their modern ones, stands to-day as a testimonial to the durable constructive production of a master workman. One might logically come to the conclusion that if the Gerhard Heintzman pianos of fifty years ago stand so well the test of time and use, their modern instruments, which have been so greatly developed ought to be good for a century.

### A RARE OPPORTUNITY.

All those who are interested in the achievements of the Canadian artists of the present day, will not fail to visit the exhibition of pictures which takes place at the auction galleries of C. J. Townsend & Co., on the 19th, 21st and 22nd of this month. The pictures represent the best work in recent years of the two painters who have combined to make the show, R. F. Gagen and C. M. Manly. These works will be on view on the days before-mentioned, to be followed by a sale on Wednesday, October 23rd.

Merely to visit this collection will be worth one's while, and all those who desire to possess examples of



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these two men's work, will have a rare chance thus to select and a wide range to choose from. Results of Mr. Gagen's trip to Europe will be seen, and many happy renderings of mountain, seashore and coast also. Pastoral and sea bits from New Brunswick, aspects of the eastern townships, glimpses of the Coaticook valley and the hills of Nova Scotia, will all be found in the show and signed with the name of Manly.

### The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

**BIRTHS.**  
NERLICH—At Toronto, Oct. 6, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Nerlich, a son.  
FRASER—At Toronto, Oct. 10, to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Fraser, a son.  
WOODSWORTH—At Toronto, Oct. 9, to Rev. R. W. and Mrs. Woodsworth, a daughter.  
GAMON—At Collingwood, Oct. 11, the wife of J. D. Gamon, of a daughter, still-born.  
KIRKWOOD—At Rostrevor, Bridgman Road, Teddington, Eng., to Mr. and Mrs. John C. Kirkwood, a daughter.  
BRANDON—At Parkdale, Oct. 15, to Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Brandon, a son.  
SMITH—At Toronto, Oct. 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Archibald W. Smith, a daughter.

### MARRIAGES.

BADGEROW-OLXLEY—On Oct. 5, at St. George's church, Hanover Square, London W., England, by Rev. A. E. Howe, M.A., George W. Badgerow, M.B., M.R., C.S. (England), only son of A. H. Badgerow, Esq., of Toronto, to Maud, daughter of Herbert Olxley, Esq., barrister-at-law, of 3 Hans Crescent, Belgravia, London, Eng.  
ATKINSON-MARTIN—At Prospect Hill, Port Dover, Oct. 12, by

Rev. Cyril Brown, L. T. Atkinson, of Simcoe, to Lena Martin, A.T. C.M.  
NICHOLSON-MALCOLM—At Toronto, Oct. 12, Jessie, daughter of Mr. R. D. Malcolm, to Rex Ewart Nicholson, son of Frank Nicholson, Esq., of Toronto.  
PURVES-BROWNE—At Berlin, Ont., Oct. 12, Fannie Crotty, daughter of Mr. Henry G. Browne, to Mr. Arthur Stopford Purves, of St. Louis.  
WARRINER-LEAVENS—At Toronto, Oct. 10, Florence L. Leavens, to Dr. Frederick E. Warriner, of Bracebridge.  
GAZLEY-MURDOCH—At Toronto, Oct. 10, Margaret Maud, daughter of the late A. W. Murdoch, Esq., of Toronto, to Arthur Emerson Gazley, of Cincinnati.  
ROONEY-MOORE—At New York, Oct. 2, Agnes Josephine Rooney, to Dr. Samuel Barlow Moore.

### DEATHS.

KINGSMILL—At Toronto, Oct. 13, Winnifred, third daughter of Nicol Kingsmill, K.C.  
BURK—At Bowmanville, Oct. 13, Harvey W. Burk, ex-M.P., in his 86th year.  
HAMILTON—At Clifton Springs, N. Y., Oct. 14, John McPherson Hamilton, K.C., late judge of the county of Halton, in his 77th year.  
WOODSWORTH—At Toronto, Oct.

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10, Ruth Iva, infant daughter of Rev. R. W. and Mrs. Woodsworth. WILKIE—At Miami, Florida, U. S. A., Oct. 4, Violet May, wife of R. O. Wilkie, and daughter of Mrs. O. Godson, of Toronto.  
POTTS—At Toronto, Oct. 16, John Potts, D.D., LL.D., in his 70th year.

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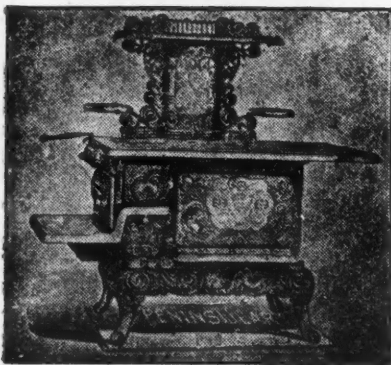
OUR stock of Fall Dress Goods and Silks is now completed, and never before have we shown such a beautiful range, representing as it does the choicest weaves and the most exquisite designs of the best manufacturers on the other side of the water. Our buyer was in every centre of any importance and picked the best pieces that he thought would appeal to the Toronto people. The large demand that we have had plainly tells that he was successful in his efforts. Ask to see some of the latest materials, such as all wool invisible stripe Melrose suitings, all wool Ottoman cords, all wool French wide rib poplins, French chiffon finish broadcloths, chevrons, cherrons, serges, panamas, suitings, etc., in all shades and fancy checks, stripes, and all the other latest effects. The prices range from 75c. to \$3.00 a yard.

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### Society at the Capital

IN the capital at present the attention of everyone is centred in the arrangements for the coming bazaar in aid of the new tuberculosis hospital, and it has now been officially decided to call the big fair "The Streets of Paris." The ladies are devoting every effort to getting something novel and interesting for their respective stalls, and it is safe to say that the bazaar will surpass anything of the kind that has ever taken place in Ottawa, or probably even in the whole Dominion. The Tombola, the committee for which has a most energetic chairman in Mr. W. H. Rowley, will offer a great many tempting attractions in connection with it. The Allan Steamship Company is presenting a trip to Europe and return, and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company is also giving a trip to Vancouver and return, either of which will allow the lucky winner to remain a certain length of time at their destination. Hon. W. C. Edwards will present one of his prize cows, or, if preferred, its equivalent in cash; Sir George Drummond is donating a handsome painting, and it is also rumored that a thoroughbred horse from the stables of one of Canada's noted horsemen will be among the attractive prizes to be drawn for, and as the tickets for these will be sold all over Canada interest will not be confined to Ottawa alone.

The Cafe Chantante, under Miss Alice Fitzpatrick's capable management, promises to be one of the most attractive features, and in connection with it she will have to assist her a large number of Ottawa's most charming society girls, who will contribute to the various numbers in the vaudeville, choruses, etc. The bazaar will come off on November 5th to the 9th, and it now only remains for the clerk of the weather to do his part well to perfect every detail of the arrangements.

Although this coming event has engaged the attention of the greater number of our hostesses, yet a few have found time to devote to the small and less exciting and more usual social entertainments, and last week several bright teas came off.

On Tuesday Mrs. Fred Powell's pretty home was en fete at the tea hour, when all the young girls, including this season's prospective debutantes, and also those of the recent brides whom we are lucky enough to have kept among us, were invited to meet Mrs. Powell's pretty niece, Miss Belle Pardee, of Chicago, who has come to the capital to enjoy some of the early season festivities. The hostess received in the library, which was most effectively arranged with bright yellow asters, and wore a gown of black lace over green silk with touches of green panne velvet on the bodice. Miss Pardee received with her aunt and was in dainty Dresden foulard silk with maltese lace trimmings. The creature comforts of the hundred or more guests were well looked after by Mrs. Wilson Southam, Mrs. D'Arcy MacMahon, Mrs. Hazen Hansard and Mrs. Cranston (nee Toller) of Arnprior, who, two by two, took turns in pouring tea and coffee and dispensing the most tempting ices—almost too pretty to eat—at the daintiest and prettiest of tables done with white roses and ferns and green shaded candelabra. In the drawing room beautiful pink roses abounded in every nook and corner. Needless to say, where so much youth congregated, and all were interested in discussing the coming pleasures of the next few months, which will contain so much novelty for a great many of them, the afternoon passed all too quickly.

A trio of bright teas came off on Friday and, as on Tuesday, they were devoted exclusively to the entertainment of the younger set. Mrs. Wurtele and her daughter, Miss Hope Wurtele, were the hostesses of one of them and at it Mrs. Fred Carling, Mrs. Arthur Dorey and Miss Costin performed the more arduous part of the duties, in seeing that everyone was supplied with tea, coffee, ices, etc. The greater number of those composing the merry group at Mrs. Wurtele's went on to Mrs. Burbridge's, in Metcalfe street, where Miss Beatrice Burbridge entertained in honor of two visitors in town at present, Miss Strang, of Winnipeg, and Miss Louise Mace, of St. John, N. B., the former of whom is visiting Mrs. Pennock, and the latter of whom is the guest of her uncle and aunt, Col. and Mrs. Tilton. The teatable, bright with exquisite large crimson carnations, was presided over by Mrs. Lafontaine Haycock and Miss Burbridge. Miss

Marion Ruddick, who is one of the capital's many prospective debutantes, and who has just returned from a trip to the Western States, was the young hostess of the third tea on Friday, when several of her young companions were her guests, and spent a merry hour chatting over the coming gayeties of the season.

Col. Lessard, late of Stanley Barracks, Toronto, and his daughters, are now quite settled in a pretty quarter of Sandy Hill, No. 519 King Edward avenue, and Miss Eva Lessard will be one of the large number of attractive young girls who will make their first bow to vice-royalty at the "drawing room," to be held on the opening of Parliament in November.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, Oct. 14, 1907.

### Enchantment.

AGLAMOR of dawn on the slopes of the lawn,

A magic that wavers and lingers—What shadowy Pass has enchanted the grass,

The touch of what mystical fingers? Oh! whence are these gleams of fantastical dreams,

This whiff of the Forest of Arden? The foliage responds to the waving of wands—

For there is a child in the garden!

With rose-leaves for wrap and nas-turtiums for caps

Come galloping under the phloxes The elves and the fays on their roams and their bays—

The squirrels and little red foxes; The pixies and gnomes from their underground homes,

Where they fire the metals that harden, Bring lustre in pots to enamel the plots—

For there is a child in the garden! —Ethel Rolt Wheeler in Pall Mall.

Consul Albert Halstead, of Birmingham, reports that a company in that city which has been engaged in the manufacture of hansom cabs has decided to go out of business, because of the immense falling off in the demand for these vehicles. The consul adds:

"The cause of the decided reduction in the demand for hansom cabs is said to be the development of underground railways in London, and the increased use of motorboats and motorcabs. To this might be added the extension of the street car systems throughout the kingdom. Then also the demand for private cabs, which was formerly large, has disappeared, automobiles taking their place. Even the most casual observation in Birmingham, London, and the great cities of the United Kingdom, shows a decided falling off in the number of hansom cabs offered for hire. This evidence of the disappearance of the hansom cab is of much interest to Birmingham, because that vehicle was invented seventy years ago by a Birmingham architect, Joseph Aloysius Hansom.

A Cleveland lawyer tells of a man living in a suburb of that city whose sleep had been disturbed nightly by the howling, on his own back fence, of his neighbor's cat. At last, in despair, he consulted his lawyer.

"There sits the cat every night on our fence," explained the unhappy man, "and he yowls and yowls and yowls. Now, I don't want to have any trouble with this neighbor; but the thing has gone far enough, and I want you to suggest a remedy."

The lawyer looked solemn and said not a word.

"I am well within my rights if I shoot the cat, am I not?" asked the sufferer.

"I would hardly say that," replied the legal light. "The cat does not belong to you, as I understand it."

"No."

"And the fence does?"

"Yes."

"Then," concluded the lawyer, "I think it safe to say that you have a perfect right to tear down the fence." —Lippincott's.

Yeast—It is difficult to tell the waiters from gentlemen diners at fashionable restaurants now. Crimmon-beak—Well, if you happened to search 'em when they went out you could tell the difference. The waiters would have the money in their clothes.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Yes," said old Roxley, "my daughter is to be married next month to Lord Brokeleigh." "Ah!" remarked the friend, "everything's settled, eh?" "Well, I guess not! You don't catch me paying in advance." —Philadelphia Press.

"At least, the audience didn't hiss," remarked the playwright, after the unsuccessful first night.

"No," replied the manager sadly; "they were too sleepy." —Lippincott's.

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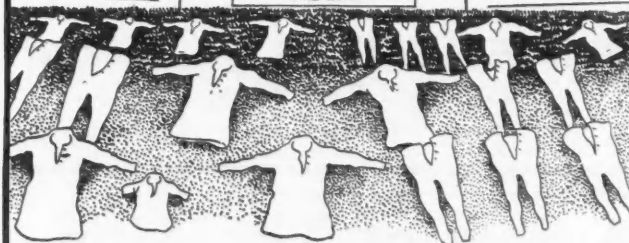
- First: Ability to control the best shoe talent in the world.
- Second: A tremendous advantage in buying materials.
- Third: A much smaller factory expense per pair.

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"Sooner or later the United States is bound to lose the Philippines," said the speaker. Thereupon they set him down as a visionary optimist.—Philadelphia Ledger.

New Reporter: "He refused to be interviewed." City Editor: "Very well. Keep the story down to less than three-quarters of a column."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"I want a plain cook." "Well, you'll find plenty at this intelligence office. This ain't no beauty show."—Baltimore American.

## "The Weavers"

Sir Gilbert Parker's New Novel.  
a Story of England and Egypt.

SIR GILBERT PARKER'S books we all take a particular interest in, because he is, or was, a Canadian. His new novel, "The Weavers," (The Copp, Clark Company, Toronto, publishers) is a story in which the leading characters move about with considerable animation, and the reader follows the chain of events with interest. It is a good story, although it will not make a place for itself in literature. The action is lively but the people are not real. It is the story of a boy born in a Quaker settlement in England, who drifts, at an early age, to Egypt, and with all his honesty and simplicity, soon finds himself involved in the high politics and lurid treachery of that country, a generation ahead of the reformation which took place there. The author states in his preface that he does not wish it to be understood that his characters are meant to represent real figures in the history of Egypt, or of England, but he does claim that the atmosphere and conditions of the story are correct enough. One feels, however, that Claridge Pasha has quite a family resemblance to "Chinese" Gordon, and near the close of the book he is hemmed in by a fanatical horde pretty much as Gordon was at Khartoum, with the blessed difference that his rescuers arrive in time. As I have stated, the story contains plenty of action and the reader follows it with unabated interest, but when he has done he feels that he has not made a real acquaintance among all the characters of the plot. Claridge turns out to be the son of Lord Eglington by a secret marriage, and the rightful heir to the title and estates held by the present Lord Eglington of the story, who is, we are told, a man of most remarkable ability, but deficient in character. The author succeeds in showing the deficiencies of his character, but leaves us wholly unconvinced as to those rich abilities ascribed to him. One is rather surprised that the author finds it necessary to resort to the hackneyed idea of making Claridge the "real heir," and the villain of the piece a bogus lord. We are all a bit weary of this situation. Could not the hero have possessed all his merits without the hidden strain of blue blood in his veins? Sir Gilbert Parker is a Canadian and must, within his experience in this new world, have met many a fairly competent person whose mother had not secretly married a peer. The story, in the matter of plot, is about as conventional as those written by the late Mary Jane Holmes, relieved only by a considerably better knowledge of men, politics and affairs.

In some of his books Sir Gilbert Parker has built up plots that compel admiration. No finer plot could be imagined than that found in "When Valmond Came to Pontiac," yet in this his latest story the plot has little to be said for it. In seeking to account for the deficiency in a book that has much to recommend it, I am forced to think that Sir Gilbert Parker wrote this story with one eye on the publisher and one on the playwright—half his attention going to the reader and the other half to the theatregoer. He seems to have been writing a story that would dramatize for the stage and follow in the wake of "The Right of Way." He has noticed that it is not necessary to have an original plot in a successful play. So he takes old situations and brings them into new combinations. In the end of his book he brings together all his characters in far off Egypt, just as they troop upon the stage in the last act of a melodrama, to greet Claridge Pasha on his return to Cairo from the desert. It is a varied group: Lady Eglington is there, also a message with news that Lord Eglington is conveniently dead; the witty old duchess is there, her maid is there ready to marry her man, who is also there, from England; even old Soolsby, the drunken chair-maker from the little Quaker village, comes on board at Cairo. How he financed it nobody knows. In the story there is also Lacey, an American, full of David Harum shrewdness and humor, and almost sure to make the stage version of the story a success in American theatres. No doubt the book will prove a great success on the stage.

He: "Don't you find the dinners here invariably dull?" She: "Well, I couldn't say 'invariably,' when this is the first time you have ever taken me out."—Life.

Doctor: "How is that patient with the D. T.s?" Nurse: "Worse; this morning he thought he saw a Sunday supplement."—Life.

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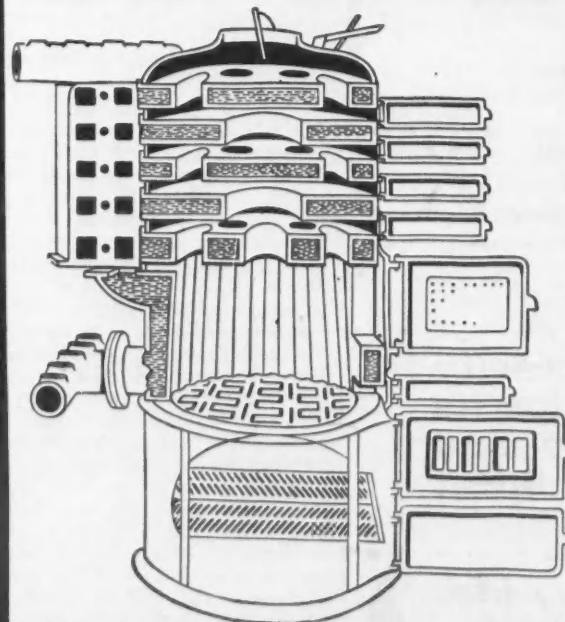


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